

# PUCK



## CHRISTMAS NUMBER

25 cents.

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PUCK BUILDING, New York, December 8th, 1897.

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CIGARS.  
ALL IMPORTED  
TOBACCO.  
HIGHEST IN PRICE,  
FINEST IN QUALITY.

25c. a Bundle,  
10 in Bundle.

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

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An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.



### CAUSE and EFFECT.

Nature's Product,  
Scientific Brewing,  
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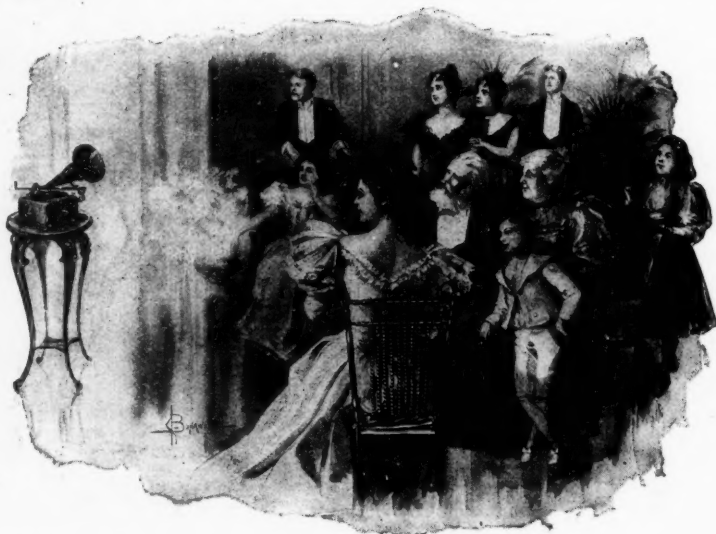
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**NOTHING** in the whole range of Christmas Gifts combines so many elements of surprise, delight, and lasting satisfaction as the **GRAM-O-PHONE** —

The only Talking, Singing and Music - making machine which does n't merely imitate but actually reproduces the quality of tone, distinctness of utterance, and every modulation of the originals, and having indestructible records.

Not only a cornet, a trombone, a piano, and a banjo, but performances upon these and many other instruments by their respective masters.

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There is, in fact, no form of entertainment addressed to the ear which can not be reproduced upon the **GRAM-O-PHONE**.

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It is the only sound-reproducing instrument which, by actual test, has been heard in every part of the New York Metropolitan Opera-House;

The only one on which high C is satisfactorily reached;

The only one that "talks talk."

### UNSOLICITED ENDORSEMENT.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Presbyterian Paper in the World.  
Chicago, Oct. 14, 1897.

NATIONAL GRAMOPHONE CO., 874 Broadway, New York City.  
Gentlemen: — The Gramophone which we secured from you has more than exceeded our expectations. We were much surprised and pleased with the clearness of the tones, and the volume as well, which is sufficient to fill an ordinary-sized hall or church. We can heartily recommend it to be all that you claim for it.

Yours, very truly, THE INTERIOR.

Much of the value of the Gram-o-phone lies in its marvelous simplicity, because of which it is not only easily operated and kept in order, but instead of costing \$100 or more, like the earlier and inferior inventions, the new model, spring motor, sells for **TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS**, express paid, with handsomely finished quartered-oak case, nickel trimmings, perfected speed regulator, latest Exhibition Sound-Box, large sound amplifier, two hundred needle-points, and two new-process records to be selected by customer.



INDESTRUCTIBLE RECORD.

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A pound of  
**Golden Sceptre.**  
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**Best Route  
Best Train  
Best Time**

HE OVERLOOKED A POINT.

MR. SAPHEAD. — They say that all beautiful people are weak-minded, don't you know.

MISS PRETTY. — That may all be, Mr. Saphead; but you must not forget that all weak-minded people are not beauties.

THE MOST RELIABLE METHOD.

DOROTHY. — Have you read that article on "How to be Beautiful?"

ANNA. — Yes; but I think the best way is to be born so.

EVERYTHING COMES HIS WAY.

EVERETT WREST. — If ye was in circumstances so dat ye had ter work, wot'd yer ruther do?

SUNBURNED SAMMY. — Well, it allers kind o' struck me dat if I had got ter do somet'ing, I'd 'bout as soon be de hero in a novel as any'ting!



**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.**  
**DIAMONDS AND WATCHES**  
A SPECIALTY.  
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.  
**WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CHAINS, Rich Jewelry and Silverware**  
"THE BENEDICT"  
IS OUR PATENT  
SLEEVE AND COLLAR BUTTON,  
Strong, Durable and Easy to Adjust.  
END VIEW In Gold, Silver and Rolled Gold. SIDE VIEW  
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Keepers of the City Time,  
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are the best suspenders for  
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Style combined with comfort and service as in no others. . . .  
The standard American suspender  
Best Furnishers keep them.  
Sample Pair, mailed postpaid, 50 cents.  
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**OPIUM** and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. A, Lebanon, Ohio.

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You judge a man by his reputation. His reputation is formed by what he does. So in selecting a musical instrument — study its reputation. That represents what it does. Look into the merits of the  
"Bay State" } Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos, Zithers, Flutes  
Their superiority invites the closest scrutiny. Their reputation is their warranty, for it tells what it does. In choosing a "Bay State" you purchase known worth. Twenty-seven awards. Only winners of American gold medals.  
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THERE'S NOTHING like happiness for making a genuine pessimist unhappy.

## Persistent Coughs

A cough which seems to hang on in spite of all the remedies which you have applied certainly needs energetic and sensible treatment. For twenty-five years that standard preparation of cod-liver oil,

### SCOTT'S EMULSION

has proved its effectiveness in curing the trying affections of the throat and lungs, and this is the reason why: the cod-liver oil, partially digested, strengthens and vitalizes the whole system; the hypophosphites act as a tonic to the mind and nerves, and the glycerine soothes and heals the irritation. Can you think of any combination so effective as this?



Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

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**Christmas Gift!**  
What will do more for Christmas cheer than  
**HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE,**  
As a present to a boon companion, an invalid friend, or an aged relative?  
Because it is pure and cheering, it is the choice of CLUBS, CAFES, FAMILIES.  
It is Mellow and Delightful.

"Drink HUNTER RYE. It is pure."

WHEN YOU'RE ill everything in the world is the worst thing you could possibly do — if you only have advisers enough to cover it.

## Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!



(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable and are ahead of all others

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A. C. McCLURG & CO., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

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## A BATTLE WON.

TRUTH AND SUPERSTITION are the oldest pair of enemies in the world. Truth has been crucified by Superstition ever since the latter's birth. We may wonder at the follies of Superstition in some yesterday of history, but superstitions of our own rule us to-day with a rod of iron none the less potent. The good folks of Cotton Mather's time looked back with contempt upon a generation of the previous century that had imprisoned Galileo for asserting the motions of the earth; but they themselves hanged witches and were guilty of superstitions that arouse our own wondering pity. And in some to-morrow our posterity will be looking back to us with the same emotion, and perhaps laying the same foundation for its posterity, — and so the fight must go on until Truth comes into the last remnant of its heritage and Superstition has perished with old Father Ignorance and Mother Prejudice.

This may seem rather a serious tone to take in prefacing a few remarks upon one of our creature comforts. But have you ever reflected, dear reader, that the history of the cigarette in this country, from its first hostile reception down to its present cordial acceptance, illustrates to a curious and interesting degree the world's manner of treating all its great truths, religious or scientific? No truth or other good thing ever had to struggle harder against the calumnies of Superstition than this simple, honest, inoffensive and innocent arrangement of good smoking tobacco. And the result has been precisely what it must always be when the sunlight of scientific inquiry beams down through the vapors of unthinking prejudice.

An especial reminder of these facts is a newspaper dispatch sent out from Chicago under date of November 3rd. Its terse but pregnant headlines are: "PURITY ASSURED IN CIGARETTES. EXHAUSTIVE EXAMINATION OF FOURTEEN BRANDS IN CHICAGO LABORATORY. RESULT OF TESTS SHOWS ABSOLUTELY NO HARMFUL INGREDIENTS IN THEIR MANUFACTURE." It appears that the City Council, desiring to save the people of that city from the noxious poisons reputed to lurk in the cigarette, passed an ordinance directing the Commissioner of Health to analyze all cigarettes offered for sale, and to report on them, so that their harmful character might be officially certified to the world. Under this authority the city chemist, Professor Cass L. Kennicott, and his assistants, set about the analysis of the fourteen brands of cigarettes which controlled the business of that market, and horrible disclosures were expectantly awaited by the promoters of the ordinance. Their real nature may be divined from the head-lines quoted. Never was there a more conclusive vindication than that accorded by these trained scientists to the hitherto maligned cigarette. After explaining the precautions taken to insure a fair test, Professor Kennicott says that "all were found to be entirely free from opium, morphine, jimson weed, belladonna, atropine or hyoscyamine. Neither was any arsenic or lead found in the paper wrappers." In short, as may be learned from the report, the cigarette is composed of a wisp of the very best tobacco that is grown, mild and delicately flavored, and a bit of diaphanous paper of purely vegetable origin; there is nothing in it but the tobacco and the paper; both are of the best; and it contains but from one-fourth to one-eighth of the nicotine, weight for weight, that is found in the average cigar. And so a good old bugaboo is laid low. The report shows not only what a volume of senseless and entirely baseless slander has been directed against the cigarette, but it makes one marvel why it should ever have been so, just as one marvels that the Church should once have been worried by the thought that the earth moves.

While the value of such a report can not be overestimated, it is nevertheless true that a more important investigation has long been under way, conducted by the smoker himself. And it has done more to convince him of the cigarette's virtues than could all the chemists in Christendom. Ten years ago a man could not smoke cigarettes without evoking the commiseration and warning prophecies of his friends; and all ills whatsoever that might afflict him were blamed upon his diminutive comforter. If he suffered from headache, toothache, rheumatism, cold feet, malaria, typhoid, gout or appendicitis, his friends dismally shook their heads and said: "Now you can see what those cigarettes are doing to you! Getting bald, are you? Well you would n't believe it at first. Now maybe you will give up the awful things!" One by one the soldiers in this crusade deserted to the enemy, and without the encouragement of a chemical analysis, at that. They just found cigarettes good and wholesome and satisfying, and that was all they wanted to know.

There is still a pitiful minority who regard cigarettes distrustfully. The report of Professor Kennicott should serve to scatter them. For the cigarette is officially declared to be not a bane but a blessing. And so the world moves. The next generation will laugh at us because we once armed with solemn dogmatism that a little mild tobacco was more to be d than a lot of strong tobacco.

## THE HARLEM VERSION.

WAS THE night before Christmas and all through the flat  
Not a creature was quiet, not even the cat.  
For the children had gorged, premature, all the cake,  
And were howling with pain from a fierce stomachache.  
And Ma in her kerchief and I in my cap  
Were dosing with ginger each poor little chap.  
High above all the noise and tumult and strife  
Was the sound of the top floor beating his wife;  
The janitor, too, had his friends, a tough gang,  
Who were rushing the growler, who swore and who sang;  
That their mothers were ladies they all did declare,  
And they'd not be insulted were brother Jack there.  
Then down in the air shaft there rose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
A party downstairs, decorous till now,  
Were applauding some person who danced like a cow.  
A lamp was upset, a blaze and a flame,  
Then with rattle and bang the firemen came;  
They broke in the windows, they smashed in the wall,  
They turned on the water, drenching us all—  
'T was the night before Christmas and all through the flat,  
There was quiet once more. Thank Goodness for that!

Roy L. McCardell.



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## NOT USED TO THE BRAND.

MR. HARDACRE (at city hotel).—This is a blamed outrage!

MRS. HARDACRE.—What is?

MR. HARDACRE.—Why, it is bad enough for them t' bring me old mouldy cheese; but, by Jewillikens! when they bring me stale crackers as hard as iron it's time for me t' kick!

## AN APPROPRIATE PRESENT.

"I wish," said Santa Claus, regretfully, as he viewed the attenuated length of the black silk stocking confronting him; "I wish I had brought a bottle of anti-lean."

## VICE VERSA.

"TO ERR is human, to forgive divine"—  
So runs the ancient saying, true and fine.

Yet, vice versa — but the case I'll state:  
Last night I stole a kiss from charming Kate.

Now, doubt who will, my erring proved divine,  
And Kate forgave; 't was human, I opine?

Richard Stillman Powell.

## A DEFINITION.

"How would you define repartee?"  
"Repartee is the brilliant remark you did n't think of in time."

## BEST HE COULD DO.

"I asked little Tom what physical geography was."  
"Did he know?"  
"He said he guessed it was a kind of geography that boys had to learn or take a licking."





DON'T let Whisky get the best of you.  
Get the BEST of Whisky, which is the  
Genuine Distillery Bottling of

# Old Pepper Whisky

.. AND OLD ..

## Henry Clay Rye

Bottled and Distilled  
ONLY by . . . . .

**JAS. E. PEPPER & CO.**

LEXINGTON, KY.

Under the same Formula for more than  
**100 YEARS**, is guaranteed absolutely  
the **PUREST** and **BEST** in the World.

**SAMPLE CASE, \$15.00.**



**Sent on trial, which, if not satisfactory,  
can be returned and money will be refunded.**

**THE GENUINE HAS PATENTED COUPON. READ IT.**

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THROAT EASE and  
BREATH PERFUME ~

Good for Old and Young

At all dealers or  
sent on receipt of  
5 cents in stamps

**SEN-SEN CO.**  
Dept P.  
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

**PABST PERFECTED BREWING IN AMERICA**

WHEN your druggist sells you  
**PABST MALT EXTRACT**  
The "Best" Tonic,

you may feel assured that it is absolutely perfect. It is the crowning triumph of perfection in brewing, and is backed by the intelligence, system and capital of the world-famed plant pictured above. This plant is the largest of its kind, and is always open to visitors. No other brewery in the world has such extensive facilities for the scientific preparation of malt and hops. This is important to all who buy and use Malt Extract. You are entitled to know by whom and how it is made.  
A booklet mailed to any address for the asking.

**GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE**

Peerless.  
Unsurpassed.

The "GREAT WESTERN" IS THE FINEST CHAMPAGNE PRODUCED IN AMERICA, AND EQUAL TO ANY  
A NATURAL GENUINE CHAMPAGNE,  
Fermented in the Bottle, Two Years Being Required to Perfect the Wine  
Our SWEET and DRY CATAWBA and PORT are, like all our Wines, made of grapes, and are Pure Wines. For prices, address  
**The Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,** RHEIMS, Steuben Co., N. Y. **H. B. KIRK S. S. PIERCE**

"Standard of Highest Merit."

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**GRAND AND UPRIGHT**

are justly celebrated for their superiority of **Tone Durability and Workmanship.**

Constructed on the most advanced principles—both from the mechanical and artistic standpoint.

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Absolutely Pure.  
Very Old.  
Delicious Flavor.



## Maryland Rye

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs to have no superior. Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and Hotels. Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers. Small Sample bottle sent free upon receipt of 25 cents for shipping charges.

**EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.**

WE ARE often careful to know our duty simply that it may not steal upon us unaware.

**CROOKED** noses, broken, pug, bulbous and all bad noses painlessly changed to good noses; moderate fees. **JOHN H. WOODBURY**, 127 West 42d Street, New York. 182 Page Book for 2-cent stamp.

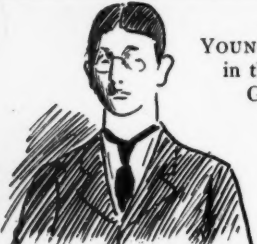
# Indigestion? TRY

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(MARIANI WINE) The Ideal French Tonic FOR BODY AND BRAIN

Since 1863, Endorsed by Medical Faculty

**immediate lasting efficacious agreeable**



ITS CALIBRE.

**YOUNG PENSMTIH.**—What did you think of my Christmas story in the *Weekly Wagwag*?

**GRIMSHAW.**—It struck me that if you had n't run in the word "Christmas," here and there, the story would have made a pretty fair chapter for a cook-book.

The Instruments and Discs bear the trade mark "SYMPHONION" with a lyre.

**Beware of Imitations.**

The new **American-made SYMPHONION** is the first and only Music Box



manufactured with patented indestructible STEEL DISCS. It has patented fly-wheel, speed regulator, slide dampers, double comb arrangement, and its parts are interchangeable. It requires but one winding to play thirty minutes, and is recognized among the leading dealers to be the standard "up-to-date" music box. The Symphonion received the highest awards at Chicago, 1893, and at Antwerp, 1894. Prices ranging from \$4.00 to \$300.00. Catalogue containing thousands of tunes to select from.

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**METAL POLISH**—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed, pound box 25c. at all dealers. **G. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.**

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Made from the Finest Pure Wool, under the supervision of Prof. Dr. G. Jaeger, is always of one standard quality, producing the finest and softest undergarments. Beware of imitations! The genuine have

**DR. JAEGER'S PORTRAIT STAMPED UPON THEM.**

These garments can be made to order if desired. Explanatory and Descriptive Catalogue and Price-list sent free by mail, on application.

**DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO.**

Main Retail Store: **16 West 23d St. New York.**

Branches: **166 Broadway, 248 W. 125th St.**



"Mamma takes O-H because she's tired. I'm tired, too."

The mother should never grow old to her children. O-H Extract of Malt helps her keep young by giving her restful sleep, quiet nerves, and good digestion.

Send for pamphlet. **OTTO HUBER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

## Those Fine English Tobaccos

Put up by **W. D. & H. O. WILLS** of Bristol, England.

and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer.

If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands,

**J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.**

**Capstan Bird's Eye Westward Ho Three Castles Gold Flake, etc.**

WISDOM IS far better than good looks; at least that is what plain people think.

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**New York Central Leads the World."**—*Leslie's Weekly.*







ITS ANCIENT and weather-worn gable  
Hangs over the somnolent street,  
Asleep in the shade of the maples, —  
A dreamy and peaceful retreat.  
Its windows are tiny and leaded,  
'T is spotless without and within;  
And somebody waits for my coming  
At the door of the Maple Tree Inn.

The way lies along by the river,  
Straight over the bridge from the town,  
By the osier-lined pond and the mossy  
Old dam where the river creeps down.  
With a heart that beats time to the pedals  
By farm-house and meadow I spin,  
Through the golden-green glamour of Summer,  
To the door of the Maple Tree Inn.

There 's a table that stands in an arbor,  
A haven of shadow and gleam,  
Neath the low-spreading branches of alder,  
In sound of a pattering stream.  
There 's a mug of cool ale and a salad,  
And a pipe when the secrets begin,  
And a form at my side playing truant  
From the door of the Maple Tree Inn.

Ah! rapturous moments of twilight,  
When the sun sinks to rest, and the sky  
Steals its glow from the face on my shoulder,  
And none is so happy as I.  
Then the moon, gentle comrade of lovers,  
Gloweth forth, silvery, crescented, thin,  
And "Good Night!" is sighed over and over  
By the door of the Maple Tree Inn.

Then off on the road 'neath the tender  
Wan light of the moon and the stars,  
By the window-lit farms and the cattle  
Asleep and adream by the bars.  
Back, back to the town . . . Ah! but some day  
The maid of my heart I shall win;  
And I long for that Summer together  
In the shade of the Maple Tree Inn.

*Richard Stillman Powell.*







## BUT—



UT is a good word.

But is one of the strongest words in the English language; it has great qualifying powers; it is always ranged on the side of virtue; it calls up the frailties of human nature in contradistinction to the excellencies; it saves perfection from being absolute perfection; it prevents success from jostling elbows with failure; it is truthful and virtuous; and it enables you to qualify the good impression of others which you, in a moment of unguarded generosity, might give to the world.

There's your business partner, — he's a sensible man, rather farsighted, too, has a lot of business enterprise, good ideas and all that sort of thing; but —

There's your son-in-law — he comes of a good family, has good habits, is kind to his wife, makes a good father, and is a rising young man in the community; but —

There's your most intimate friend — (this is about women) — she is such a good woman, congenial, kind, well-intentioned, entertains well, dresses in good taste, is charitable and all that sort of thing; but —

There's your preacher — he's a brilliant man, has a Christian spirit, is zealous, is liberal enough, awfully good when you're in sorrow, knows just the right thing to say, and you like him better than you did his predecessor; but —

There's the literary lion of the hour, — he has made a hit with his last book; you like his book, he has a great future, you like him personally, he is an awfully good fellow; but —

There's your guardian angel, — her wings and robes are spotless, her slippers are pure gold, her crown is set with diamonds, and she plays divinely on the harp; but —

All powerful "But!"

You enable us to qualify the virtues of our friends. You help us to express the regretful truth. In an ecstasy of enthusiasm we soar to immeasurable heights, and then you are the ladder by which we climb down to the solid earth.

You are only a little conjunction, But, but you are a regular staff upon which we lean; contradistinction is your stronghold. While we have you to suggest that angels are not divine, fools need not despair.

Haryot Holt Cahoon.

## TO ERR IS HUMAN.

IKEY.—Who vos it dot said, "pay as you go?"

HIS FATHER.—I don't know, Ikey. I suppose der poor feller did n't know no petter.

## SHE DOES NOT EXIST.

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, do you suppose a bashful woman suffers as much as a bashful man?

MR. CALLIPERS.—That is not a fair question, my son; there are no bashful women.

## GROUND FOR DIVORCE.

"He would n't even let her spend ten cents on a paper-backed novel."

"What were his objections?"

"He said she had n't read all their new set of encyclopedias yet."

## A MODERN VERSION.

The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts  
All on a Summer day;  
She made them at a cooking school:

The knave, he ran away!



## INNOCENCE PERSONIFIED.

MISTRESS (*severely*).—If such a thing occurs again, Norah, I shall have to get another servant.

NORAH.—Oi wish yez wud,—there's aisily enough wurruk for two av us.

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CAUSE AND EFFECT.

SHE.—George seems rather sad.  
HE.—Yes; the girls have been jollying him.

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THE UNFORGIVABLE SIN.

HE HAS a round, jolly face, and his stories are always good, and occasionally new — just the kind of man, apparently, to be in continual demand at the club. But they shun him there as they would the plague.  
It seems wonderful; but it is n't. For he is afflicted with a great affliction that turns every man's hand against him — and his kind.  
When I joined the club, I wondered what the cause of his unpopularity could be. I decided to find out, and made advances in the course of which I sprung my very best story on him.

He listened with an appearance of close attention. Toward the end, an interesting light came into his eyes. "He will surely give a glorious laugh when I finish," thought I, and tingled with pleased expectancy.

I ended it. The last word was coming from my mouth as the first burst from his:

"That reminds me" — etc., etc. —

He had no time to laugh at my really fine story.

I listened to his — which, I suppose, was good enough — in disgust, and gave a sickly laugh at the end.

But now I know why he is a Pariah.

A GOOD REASON.

MRS. HOON.—Some married men never cease to be lovers. Mr. Hennypeck often speaks of his wife as the sunshine of his life.

OLD HOON.—Yes; that 's because she makes it hot for him.

UNIQUE.

SALLY GAY.—Gladys Beautigirl is so original!

DOLLY SWIFT.—How so?

SALLY GAY.—Why, she fainted last night when no one was looking at her!

TOO MANY compliments are paid before they are due.

OF ONE thing we never feel any doubt, and that is that whatever is the matter with us, our case is exceptional.

A SHOCK.

ASKINS.—I understand that Mrs. Brown is very ill with nervous prostration.

MRS. ASKINS.—Yes; she has been an invalid for many years, and the doctor told her there was a prospect of her complete recovery.



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APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

DENTIST (*rushing into the hall*).—What 's the row out here?

STRUGGLING LADY.—Why, my little boy wants to get a tooth pulled!



PUCK.



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COULD N'T PLACE HIMSELF.

GRANDPA COMMONSTALK.—What's this room?  
MRS. NEWYRICH (*his granddaughter*).—Why—er—this is our—hem—ancestral gallery. Portraits of our ancestors, you know.  
GRANDPA COMMONSTALK.—Gosh!—that's a good idea. Which one of 'em's me?



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### SHE WENT TOO FAR.

"You were cut out for the newspaper business," remarked Cleopatra to Julius Caesar, one day during his sojourn in Egypt.

"What makes you think so?" smilingly asked the conqueror of Gaul, expecting the answer would be, that it was on account of his fighting ability.

"Because you are a perfect Roman type," responded the beautiful Cleopatra, who, as will be seen, had a lead of humor running through her.

"Well," said the general, after he had laughed, forcedly, to show his appreciation of the joke, "which letter do I resemble?"

Her wit getting the better of her, she replied:

"You look like a 'J.'"

That very night Caesar sailed for Rome.

### MY MAHATMA MESSAGES.

SOMEWHERE IN the desert of Gobi lives a very exclusive gentleman named Koot Sombali who does nothing from dawn till dewy eve but meditate and project messages. No matter how many thousands of miles a Koot-Sombali-message is to travel, nor through how many thick-nesses of wood, brick, stone or mortar it is required to pass, it makes the trip, and does it before you can say "Jack Robinson."

Being a member of a theosophical society, in tolerable standing, I began to yearn for a mahatma message. I got one, at last. It was a piece of paper, folded up, and projected into the hash one morning at breakfast. I remember how proud I was when I recognized the concave impression in green wax that followed the name. Koot's own seal! The message ran thus:

"Smithers — Keep Sallie.

"Koot."

Now, Sallie was our hired girl, and we were on the point of discharging her, because she was becoming literary at the expense of her household duties. But the desert of Gobi had been heard from, and Sallie was safe.

The second message came a week later and read like this:

"Smithers — Raise Sallie's wages.

"Koot."

This message dropped out of a feather duster when I picked it up to dust off some books. It had made wonderful time, as the ink on it was still damp and the wax sticky. I followed the mandate.

The next message to travel the Gobi-Hoboken route dropped out of my hat as I took it from the rack.

"Smithers — Give Sallie a day off, but let her pay go on.

"Koot."

No messages came while Sallie was away, although they were confidently expected. Thinking that Koot might have wandered away from his end of this electro-X-ray-pneumatic-tube, I determined to stir him up and wrote the following:

"Dear Koot — Ring off on Sallie and give us some tips about 'Nirvana.'"

This I placed under a Blavatsky vase on the mantel when I left for the office. When I returned home I lifted the vase and — Eureka! there was an answer on the back of my original note.

"Smithers — Does she work for Spencer?"

"Koot."

I was puzzled. Koot was supposed to be well up on the "Nirvana" question, having studied it, more or less, for a thousand years; but here he was mixing "Nirvana" up with Bridget McNally, who worked for Judge Spencer, across the way.

After that, I concluded to let Koot do the talking; and he went at it at the rate of about three mahatma messages per diem — all about Sallie. One would have supposed our hired girl especially favored of the gods.

"Give Sallie a new dress;" "Raise Sallie's pay;" "Let Sallie have use of the piano;" "Allow Sallie to receive company in the parlor," etc.

Of course, Koot was too austere a gentleman, and too many miles away, to be suspected of trifling with our Sallie; but I must confess I began to get infernally tired of these Sallie-Mahatma messages, and I distinctly remember placing a few words under the Blavatsky vase, requesting Koot to let up and go further into the jungle.

When I got home one night, my wife met me with the potato-masher — not with malice aforethought, for our domestic relations were harmonious to a degree, but she had made a far-reaching discovery. The knob on the handle of the potato-masher was covered with green wax!

I breathed hard. I love a joke as well as any man, but when a scheming kitchen mechanic makes a poor, innocent Hindoo, 'way off in the desert of Gobi, and a bald-headed theosophist, right there in Hoboken, her victims, it sets my blood to boiling.

I watched Sallie after that, and I caught her, one night, jabbing the potato-masher into a button of wax, sealing a request on Smithers to raise her pay for the thirtieth time. We had a few words and parted, and Sallie is now writing mahatma messages for some one else.

Our theosophical society — composed of men entirely — religiously framed all my messages as fast as received, and whenever a brother got a little weak in the esoteric dogma, he was confronted with this overpowering testimony. A revelation was in order; and when I made my astounding statement before the society, our venerable president took the potato-masher, which I had produced in evidence, and demolished the frame and the messages.

That same evening it was unanimously decided to change the object of our organization. Some wanted to make a suicide club out of it, and others leaned towards a Ralston club, but the suiciders carried their point, and we have since found that there is more enjoyment and longevity and horse-sense to the square-inch in a suicide club than there is to the square-mile in any of these theosophical affairs.

William Wallace Cook.





"STOP THIEF!!"

CELESTIAL RETRIBUTION.

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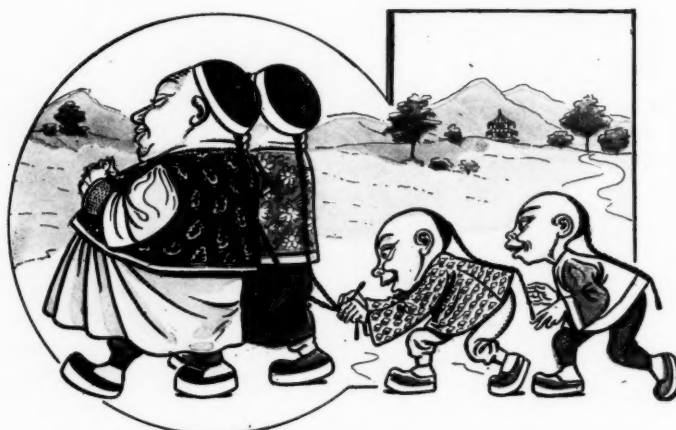
I.  
WUN LUNG.— Alle same, welly blad boy!  
SAM LEE.— Muchee wicked boy, act like Chlishtian!



II.  
WUN LUNG.— Makee blad boy set up welly much howl.  
SAM LEE.— No touchee us welly soon again.



III.  
THE LITTLE CELESTIALS.—We gettee even alle same.



IV.  
WUN LUNG.— Boys learnee much blad tricks at that Chlishtian school.  
SAM LEE.—Yes, They knowee too much.



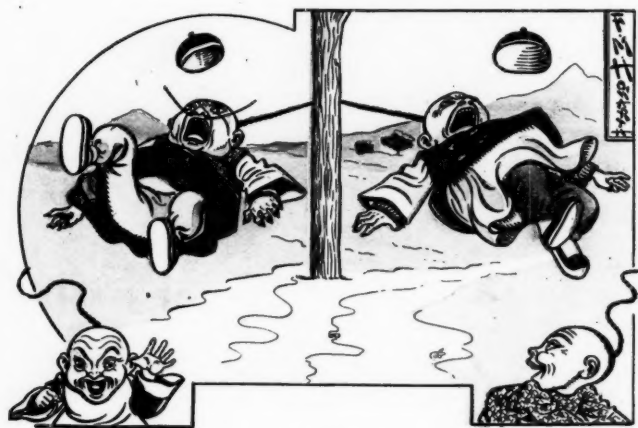
V.  
THE LITTLE CELESTIALS.— Old fat Chinamen! . They no good!



VI.  
WUN LUNG.—You catchee one! I catchee other!  
SAM LEE.—All light! Killlee little devils!



VII.  
WUN LUNG } — We catchee pletty quick!  
SAM LEE }



VIII.  
\*\*! — \*\*! \*\*! —! \*! ! ! ?



PUCK.



# POLLY'S WISH RABBITS

WHEN POLLY gets her chafing dish,  
One might as well prepare  
To lose his heart—if one should wish  
To keep it, just beware!

An apron white round her slim waist,  
With fetching little bows,  
Her cheeks all flushed with anxious haste,  
"As red as any rose."

Her dimples come, her dimples go,  
She puts in this or that,  
She stirs and stirs—now fast, now slow,  
One's heart goes pit-a-pat.

A dash of pepper, pinch of salt,  
A final stir—all through!  
Of course it is n't Polly's fault  
She cooked a heart or two.

Lawrence K. Russel.

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## IN THE MUSEUM.

FIRST FREAK.—How did the Ossified Man come out in that row with the proprietor?

SECOND FREAK.—Oh! he gave right up. The trouble with the Ossified Man is that he has no backbone.

## A THRILLING MOMENT.

FIRST TOM-CAT.—How did you feel when the brick struck you?

SECOND TOM-CAT.—Say! My past eight lives rose up before me in a second!

## IN BOSTON.

MAMA.—And that is the story of Santa Claus.

EMERSON.—It seems to me, Mama, intrinsically improbable. How can he raise the vast sums necessary to defray his annual expenses?

## THE NATURAL INFERENCE.

BEEZLETOP.—What did you mean by telling Duxter that I was fond of talking big?

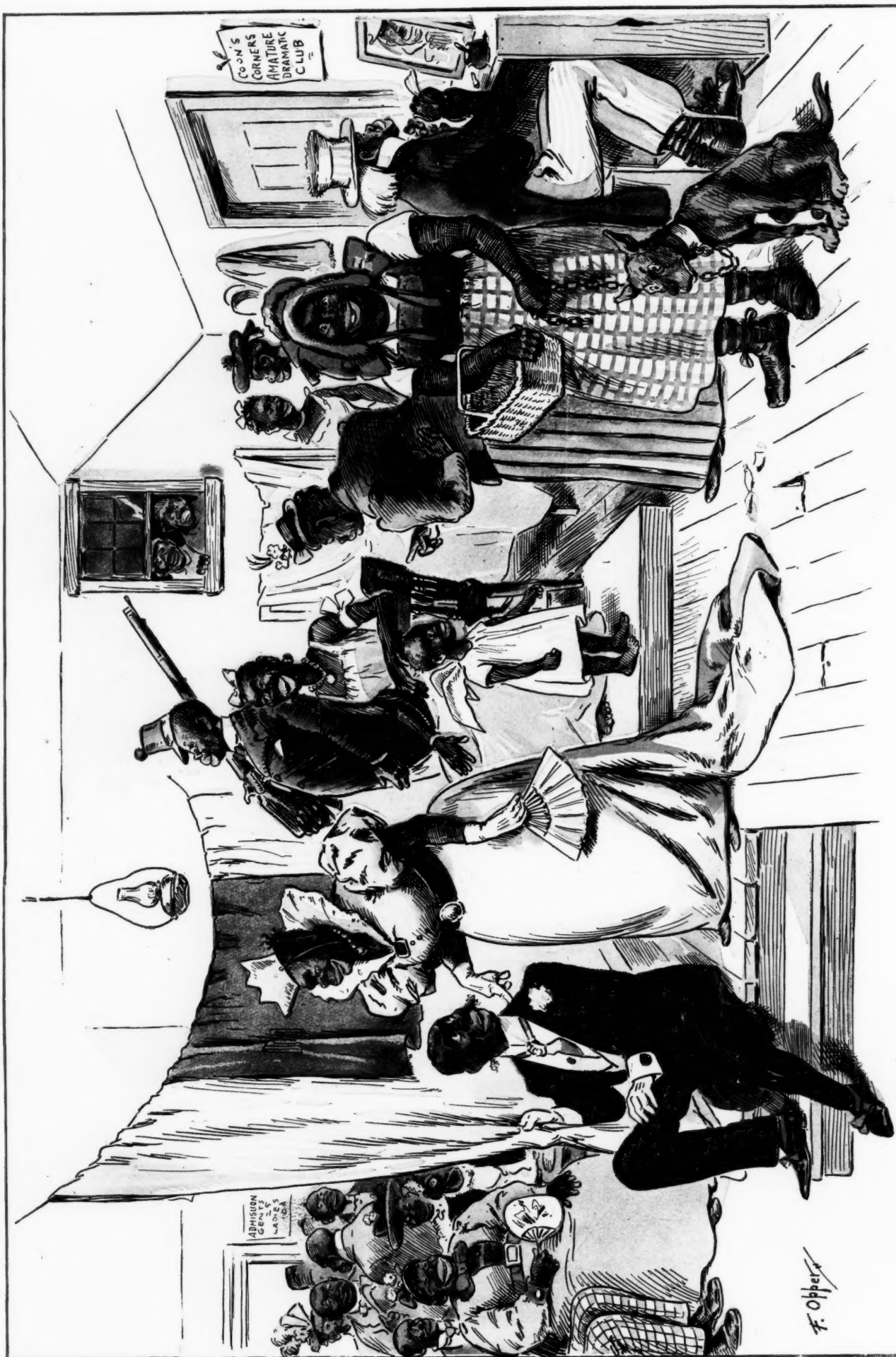
PEMBERTON.—Well, you told me the other day that you hated small talk.



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## CHRISTMAS MORNING IN BEARVILLE.

MR. BRUNO.—Here's a young sport in search of "a little game." Just bring out the dice, children, and we'll shake for him.



# THE TABLEUX AT COON CORNERS.

MISS MANDY GLOOMER.—Mistah Walkfoot, de nex' numbah on de programme an gwine ter be Venus, Mars an' Cupid, an' as we ain't got no bow an' arret to put in de chille's han', won't you kindly len' us yo' razzar?



ONE CAUSE OF TROUBLE.

SHE.—I wish Christmas really was a season of general peace and good will—

HE.—Well, it might be if somebody had n't introduced the custom of giving Christmas presents.

THE KENTUCKY WAY.

COLONEL CORKRIGHT.—I unduhstand that Majah Gore is terribly despondent ovuh his failure in business.

COLONEL BLUDSOE.—Yes, suh; the Majah is so worried ovuh his financial troubles that he has been driven from drink.

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

BARBER.—My profession—

VICTIM (in the chair).—Huh! Barbering is n't a profession—it's a crime!

NOT NECESSARILY.

WALLER.—So Bilker rents that forty-dollars-a-month house of yours, does he? He pays too much rent.

LANDLORD (sighing).—You don't know him.

HER COMPLAINT.

MRS. NEWROCKS.—I don't like this restaurant at all.

NEWROCKS.—Why, not, my dear?

MRS. NEWROCKS.—Why, instead of calling the bill-of-fare a menu, they call the menu a bill-of-fare!

LOCATING HIM.

TELLER.—Van Dunk displays a great deal of individuality; don't you think so?

GRIMSHAW.—Don't know him. What particular kind of a d—d fool is he?

THE STRAIN WAS SEVERE.

JOHN DOE.—I wonder what caused Gobang to collapse. I am told he is suffering from nervous prostration.

RICHARD ROE.—Yes. He sat down in a game of poker with a man who stuttered.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

HUSBAND.—These tumblers are the best imitation of cut glass I ever saw.

WIFE.—Do you think so?

HUSBAND.—Yes, indeed! Why, the girl has broken nearly all of them in the last three days since they came!

MADE IT WARM, ANYHOW.

CUMSO.—I hear that Swayback has been saying exasperating things about you?

CAWKER.—Yes; but I have attended to his case.

CUMSO.—I suppose that you heaped coals of fire upon his head?

CAWKER.—Well, something of that sort. I gave him a most effective roasting.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

"How would you define 'reminiscence?'"  
"A chestnut."

BLUNTNESS IS not necessarily breadth.



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A DOUBLE CELEBRATION.

LITTLE ETHEL (ecstatically).—I say, Bobby—we could n't possibly have any more fun than this, could we?

LITTLE BOBBY (thoughtfully).—No;—not unless the Lord had been born on the Fourth of July.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

EAREST PHYLLIS.—Pray remember, when you're making up the list of your presents for December (unless I am to be missed), that I've slippers, picture brackets, smoking sets of various types, half-a-dozen smoking jackets, thirty-seven meerschaum pipes! Twenty patent "Kid Glove Menders," collar boxes by the score; of embroidered silk suspenders forty-

seven pairs or more! That each year since I was twenty I've received a paper-weight; have pen-wipers, inkstands plenty, paper cutters—twenty-eight. That I've Browning and Longfellow by the hundreds—every kind; Shakspeare—black, and blue, and yellow; Milton till I'm nearly blind!

So there's just one present only that I'm wanting in this year of my bachelorship so lonely—that's *yourself*, my Phyllis dear.

James Courtney Challiss.

ITS ORIGIN.

TRAMP.—Will yer kindly give er hungry mortal er bite ter eat? Fer de past t'ree days—

LADY.—Say nothing but saw wood.

DOUBTFUL.

SPENDLEY.—Well, if my money should go, dear-est, you'd still have me!

MRS. SPENDLEY.—Don't you be too sure about that!



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MORE TO THE PURPOSE.

LORD HAMERCY.—You've no publication in America like our Burke's Peerage to tell you "Who's Who."

MISS GOTROX.—No;—but our Bradstreet tells you "What's What."



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### COMPARATIVE ANTIQUITY.

NEW YORKER.—That vase was dug up in Pompeii.

CHICAGOAN.—I'm a lover of curios, myself. I've got a shaving mug that was through the fire.

### WHERE THEY HAD IT.

MR. CITILY.—Have you water in your suburban cottage?

MR. ISOLATE (*of beautiful Lonelyville, absent-mindedly*).—Water? Oh, yes! we always have water in the cellar.

### HER FAD.

ELSIE.—What do you think Priscilla is advocating now?

LOUISE.—What?

ELSIE.—That women should wear shoes large enough to be comfortable.

LOUISE.—Oh! she always was a crank, you know.

### THAT'S IT.

WILLY McCORKLE.—Papa, what is meant by kiting checks?  
MR. McCORKLE.—It is one way of raising the wind.

### WHERE THE RING WENT.

AMABEL.—Who got the ring in Miriam's wedding-cake?

MELICENT.—Oh! the new cook got the ring. She left that night.

### WHY SHE REFUSED.

SPATTS (*moodily*).—No; she won't have me. When I proposed

I said I should not be able to marry in less than two years.

BLOOBUMPER.—Did she object to the delay?

SPATTS.—She did n't mention that as an objection, but said that she was going to marry Tommy Cash in about three months.

### IN BOSTON.

PAPA.—Yes; a million dollars is a great deal of money.

WALDO.—Just think how many books it would buy!

"MAN WAS made to mourn;" but he could arrange to spend less time at it.

A BIG MARKET awaits the Christmas toy which the small boy can suck and make a noise on at the same time.

### NOT SPOILED BY FORTUNE.

ANNA.—And her uncle left her all that money! Has it changed her at all?

BELLE.—No, indeed! She is just as enthusiastic as ever over eighty-nine cent silk marked down from one-sixty.



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"THE GLAD HAND."



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### LOSING NO TIME.

ISAACSTEIN.—I hear dot your son is goin' into peesness for himsellut.

COHENSTEIN.—Yes. He vos t'inkin' of shartin' in mit a glozing-oud sale.



OVERREACHED; OR, THE JEALOUS MAGICIAN, THE WICKED CHARM, AND THE YOUNG WIFE.

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Once upon a time a Man had a beautiful Daughter who was in love with a Brave but Honest Youth in her own class. This angered the Father, and he forbade her ever having any communication with the Youth, whatsoever, saying: "Your face is your fortune, I will marry you to Money."



The Man, after looking well over the Field, at last married her to a Wicked Magician — a man of untold wealth. The Wicked Magician was so jealous of his young and beautiful Wife that he led her a very miserable and unhappy life; keeping her closely confined to the castle.



The Green-eyed Monster at last got such a hold on the Wicked Magician that he said to himself: "I can stand this thing no longer; my time is solely occupied watching this Woman. I will make a charm which will turn her into a cat, and then I can tie her and have no Fear."



"And," quoth he, "I will make the charm doubly powerful, for it is well known throughout the world that most Women 'beat the Devil.'"



So he made the charm many, many times more powerful than usual, and the next day at dinner he surreptitiously placed it in her wine.



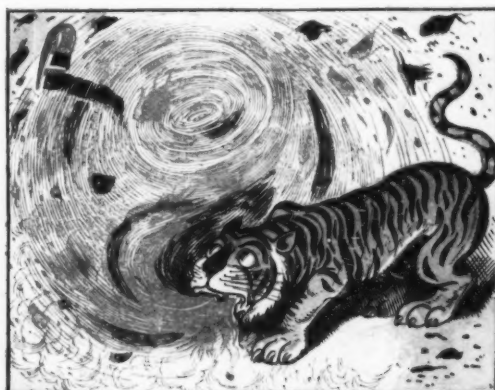
The Young Wife had no sooner drunk the wine than she commenced to assume a feline shape—



— And in a few moments more was a Beautiful Cat.



But the charm did not cease to work. Being many times more powerful than usual, it, of course, was not content to turn the Beautiful Woman into a commonplace House Cat, and in a few moments more the Cat grew into the largest Cat known to Man — the Tiger.



And, as a Tiger, she did n't do a thing to that Wicked Magician.



While the neighbors, who had rushed into the castle on hearing the Wicked Magician's cries, were collecting him for burial, the Tiger sought seclusion in the Laboratory, and seeing some of the charm still remaining in a vessel lapped it all up.



And, as we all know, "like cures like." The Tiger, after having taken another dose of the charm, became a Beautiful Woman again.



Being now a Beautiful Widow, and possessing the Deceased Wicked Magician's vast stores of Wealth, she was entitled to consult her own Wishes; so she married the Brave but Honest Youth, and lived happy ever after. To this day no one knows that the Lady and the Tiger were the same.



By WILLISTON FISH.

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## I.—PLEBES.

**J**OHAN SHAW, on his way to West Point, took the day-boat down the Hudson from Albany. He could not in after years recall how, on the boat, he chanced to fall in with a slim, nonchalant young fellow in a light suit and a gay straw hat. At first Shaw was very much alone, and the boat was plowing down the river between the low hills: and then he was in company with McVay, whose light manner lightened his heart. This McVay, who talked nonsense, had a swivel-like neck which enabled him to turn occasionally a fantastically sober face upon his hearer. He said that his guardian had sent him to pretty much all the schools in the country, and that this guardian was somewhat chagrined because the ward had been sent back from all the schools. "He thinks, however, that West Point will break my spirits."

"And do you think it will?" asked Shaw.

"Why, yes; I guess they'll ruin me this trip. It stands to reason my guardian's got to come to bat sometime, and he's been a long time in the field. At the *Runnion School*, Cleveland, I staid a week; *Boys' School*, Erie, same; *Buffalo Portico*, same; (you see guardian kept working me East); *Utica Gymnasium*—oh! about a week,—counting going and coming; *Standard*, Troy,—learned nothing there—"

"Poor school, eh?"

"Oh! it is n't so much that," said McVay, in a fair-minded way; "you see, you're over in Albany so much. In a year I arrived at the *Sharp Brothers' School*, Connecticut. They made the boys haul up their trunks there with a rope and tackle through a hatchway. I helped a Nevada outlaw get his trunk up. When it was at the fourth floor we turned it loose, and when it fell, which it did immediately, it knocked a hole through the hall-floor, where a Sharp Brother was standing to gloat over our toil."

"Did you let that trunk fall purposely, and break it?" he yelled at me. "Why, yes," I said; "it was n't my trunk."

"I went over to the hotel, caught my guardian on the fly, and we went right on to Mystic, Connecticut. 'It's getting something like business,' I says to guardian, 'when we do up two schools in one trip.' Well, we got to Mystic. 'Now, Albert,' guardian says, 'we're at the end.' 'Yes,' I says, 'we've struck tide-water.' They told him the sea-food would be invaluable to me. Anyone who talks like that can stand right in with a guardian. 'Good by,' says guardian; 'I've told them to treat you kindly, but firmly.' 'It's immaterial how they treat me,' I replied; 'the board remains the same. And if I read the signs, this is one of the brown-bread-and-molasses-for-supper places.' 'Hoh, no!' 'Excuse me, guardian,' I says; 'but you must admit that I know something about the different kinds of boarding-schools.'"

While they were talking, a tall, white-faced, scornful youth paced up and down near them, casting upon them supercilious glances. Near by sat a short, robust young man tranquilly smoking. Shaw suggested to McVay that the latter might be on the same journey as themselves; whereupon McVay asked the young man if they did not pass West Point

down the river; and the young man replied that if they were lucky they *did* pass it. "Well," said McVay, "what I wanted to get at was, whether you are going there."

The young man said "yes." So Shaw said, "To be a cadet, eh?" Well, they might not take him as a cadet. Shaw asked, had he ever been at West Point? Yes; about six years before. What kind of a place was it? A pretty good old place—that is as far as a man could judge, being there that way. Were they going to West Point? Why, yes; they had thought of stopping there and staying about four years.

The white-faced scornful youth had taken a seat near by, and was regarding the three with an arrogant countenance. "So you are going to West Point?" he said, loftily.

"We are. Are you?"

The white-faced youth lit a cigar, and then said, "why, I believe I am, sir;" as if they took a liberty with him. "What are your names?"

They told him McVay, Shaw and Fassett; and Fassett said, "What is your name?"

"Well, sir, my name is Lever. Does a military life strike your fancy?"

"Yes," said Shaw. Fassett laughed.

"You will find some things about it that don't," said Lever.

"Do you know much about it?" asked Fassett.

"I believe I know some points, sir."

"How did you learn them?"

"Humph!"

"Guess some and dream some?" asked McVay.

"I don't know what you mean by that, sir."

"Well," said Shaw, "if you keep right on talking, you will find what we mean."

"You will be sorry for this," said the white-faced youth, going away, after a further exchange of incivilities.

"I believe," said Fassett, seriously, "that that is an old cadet. We have laid up trouble for ourselves."

The morning after their arrival at West Point, Shaw and McVay reported at the Adjutant's office. The Adjutant, an army officer, treated them with suppressed animosity, and turned them over to a clerk who treated them with great condescension and turned them over to a soldier orderly, who looked at them with contempt and conducted them to barracks. They were the first plebes of the new class; their coming marked the end of the plebdom of the freshmen who, the moment McVay and Shaw walked into the area of barracks, were entitled by old law to throw off the yoke, and assume their equal station with the upper classes of West Point. Some old plebe, watching behind the gray walls, desecrated the approach of the orderly's convoy. "I see the dust!"

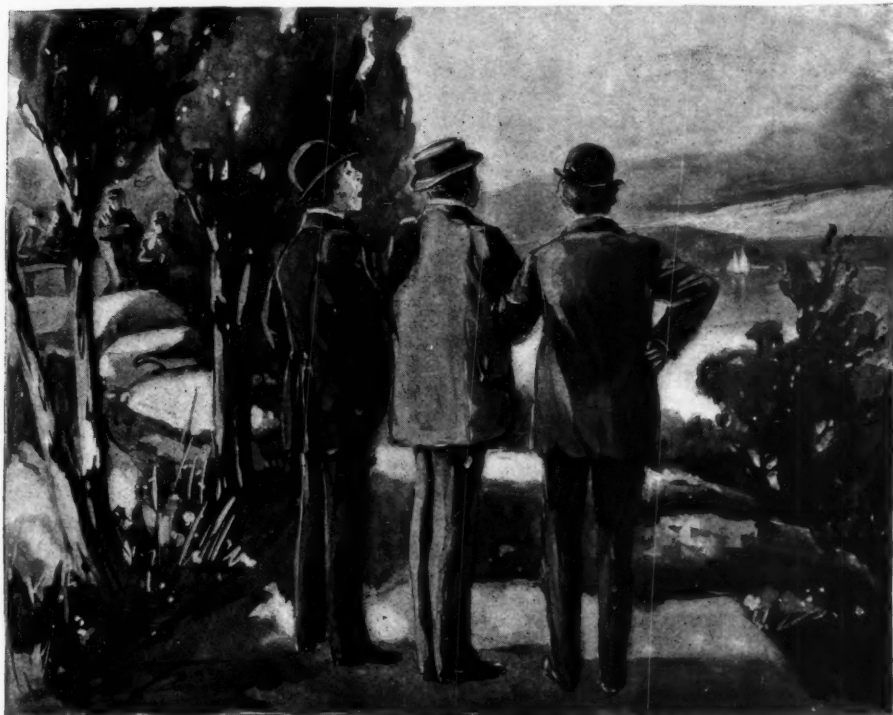
he yelled. The news spread. The upper tier of barrack windows was full of faces; and as McVay and Shaw passed along they were greeted by a buzz of exultation. Looking up, they saw a row of thumbs turned downward in token that they should find no mercy. It was a sweet welcome! In the barrack-office three old cadets received them, and after ten minutes of brusquerie, sent them to a room above. While they stood about amazed at misfortune, a big corporal brought up a third victim.





"I want this Mr. Miller treated right," quoth the corporal in a husky and piratical voice. "Understand? Treat him like a BROTHER!"

For several days new cadets continued to arrive till there were more than a hundred of them. The older cadets browbeat them, though forbid the sport by the virtuous officers who browbeat and harassed them much worse without the assuagement of mirth and good-feeling. Among the new cadets Mr. Lever did not appear, neither did Mr. Fassett. To the latter they did not give much thought, except to suppose that he might not yet have reported, but concerning Mr. Lever they indulged ill-forebodings. "We will meet that man," said McVay; "he is an old cadet."



And when they saw the animosity of cadets who had no real grievance against them, they did not doubt that Mr. Lever would act the cruel tyrant.

One day Shaw, McVay and Miller took a fearful and venturesome walk over the artillery plain towards the river. They still wore their civilian clothes. When they had crossed the plain they turned down Flirtation Walk. It is the walk of old cadets and of lovers, and there is nothing so ridiculous and pathetic as the sight of plebes there. Among a number of old cadets ahead they recognized Mr. Lever. They pursued their way, summoning their pride and fortitude against their misgivings, until they were overtaken by Fassett, who was following them down the walk, and who was dressed in civilian clothes, like themselves.

"Hullo, Fassett!" said Shaw. "You have reported, have you?"

Fassett looked at the poor plebes with something of compassion. "The fact is, I was not frank with you the other day on the boat. I reported six years ago. I have been in the army two years, and I am just back this way on leave. How do you find it here?"

A great restraint fell upon the plebes. "Well," said McVay, "I guess it's about the same old seven-and-six."

"It is a little hard at first," admitted Lieut. Fassett.

"Mr. Lever went down the path ahead of us," said Shaw. "You never knew him as a cadet, did you?"

"No; I left before he came." Fassett knew from his own vividly remembered experience as a plebe how formidable this Mr. Lever must seem to them. "You better stay up on the plain."

"We were going down before we saw Mr. Lever; we can't very well back out now."

"May be that is right," said Fassett.

"You would n't report Mr. Lever if you saw him hazing us?" asked McVay. McVay had been thinking, and his face was quite extraordinarily sober. At this time Shaw and Miller were not well enough acquainted with him to know that the soberness signified merriment; but they and Fassett understood perfectly from his tone that he wished to assure himself that Lieut. Fassett would not make Lever the very serious trouble that would follow a report for hazing.

"Oh, well," said Fassett, "I guess it would hardly be required of an officer on leave here to take advantage of being unknown to the cadets and being in citizens' dress to surprise them in technical offences."

Shaw and Miller listened humbly. "No, sir," assented Miller, humbly; "No, sir," assented Shaw, humbly. The plebes bade Fassett an awkward adieu and went on ahead. McVay set a good bold pace.

Flirtation Walk tends down along the high, rocky riverside. Time has spread a thin covering of soil here and there in the hollows of the weather-beaten and disrupted granite, and on this grows a stunted forest of hemlock and cedars which, sending their roots into the crevices of the

rocks, seem to secure nothing but a hardy spirit; for in size they do not change from year to year. In the rock-bound stream below the ripples do not change; and to old graduates the cedars and the river, unchanging as a memory, seem like memories themselves.

The little band adventured down this walk. They walked abreast, close together as the space demanded, and noted the odor of the cedars, the salty scent of the tide and the silence of the old rocks all growing more intense as the strange path descended deeper toward the level of the river. At Gee's Point, where the silence is deepest, they saw, still unseen themselves, Lever and his party of yearlings sitting among the rocks.

"What a magnificent river!" bawled McVay.

"What! Hey! Here, you!" cried an old cadet.

"What! Well! The blades I saw on the boat," said Lever. "Come here! Come here!" The plebes, obeying, climbed up the rocks to the little plateau, and stood at attention before the older cadets.

"Well," repeated Mr. Lever, with unction; "well; so I've got you already. You remember me?"

"Yes," said Shaw.

"You put a sir on that."

Shaw meditated. Judging from the information he had picked up about West Point, the requirement seemed customary. "Yes, sir."

"You are obstinate. But you don't feel quite so gay as you did on the boat. Take your eyes off me!"

"Excuse me," said McVay, with great elegance; "a gentleman whom I know is passing by on the walk below us. If you will excuse me a moment—"

"Excuse you? You stand where you are! Who is this gentleman? What is the gentleman's name?"

"His name is Fassett."

"Mr. Fassett, eh? You, there! Come here!" Fassett stopped in his walk, saying, "Do you want me?" "You come here; we'll let you know what we want." Fassett, wearing signs of fright, came up and stood before Mr. Lever.

"Aha! Another of the blades from the boat. Well! Well! You came down the river the other day on the boat, did n't you?"

"Yes, sir."

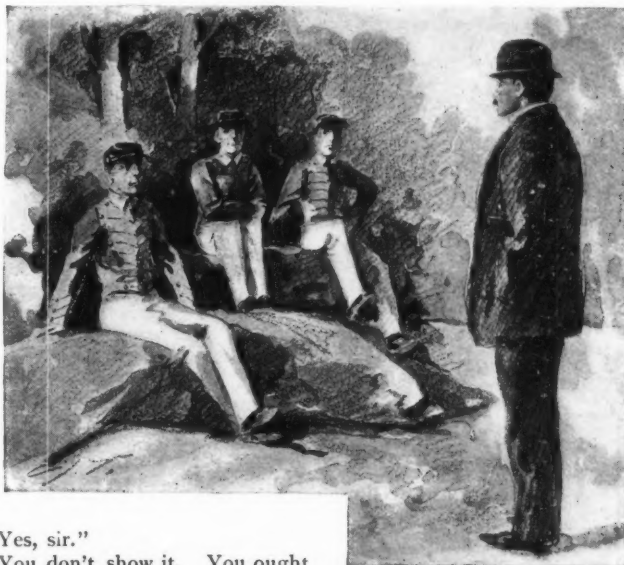
"I'll make you wish you'd come down on a raft. These are the fellows, if you please, who were telling on the boat of the tricks they played at school. Sportive individuals!—Mr. FASSETT!"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what I'm going to do with you?"

"While Mr. Lever was waiting for Fassett to ponder on his hidden fate, Mr. Fassett's face assumed a look of despotic authority: the look, very likely, of Eastern tyrants to whom people say, "We hear and obey."

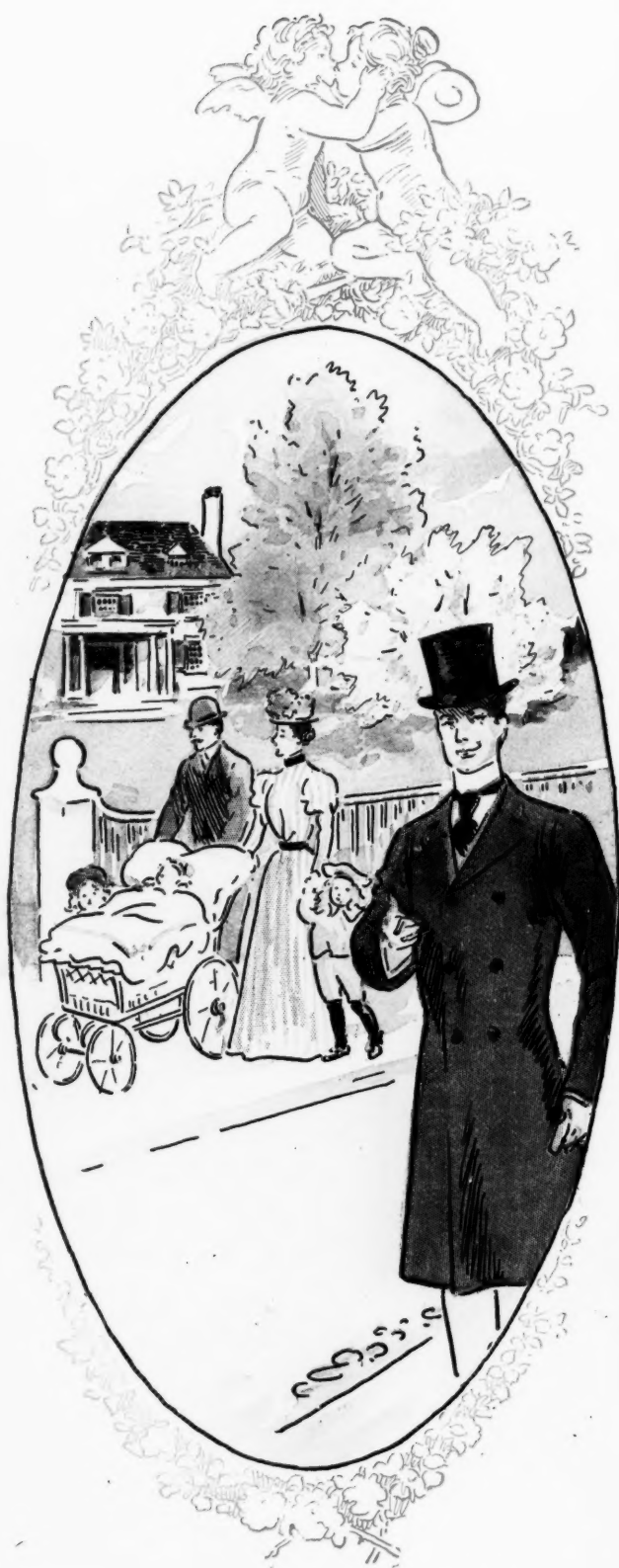
"Get up, Mr. Lever," he said; "get up, sir." Fassett now regarded the quailing Mr. Lever as if he did not know whether to *slay* him or to try to *forget* him. "Were you ever devilled yourself, Mr. Lever?"



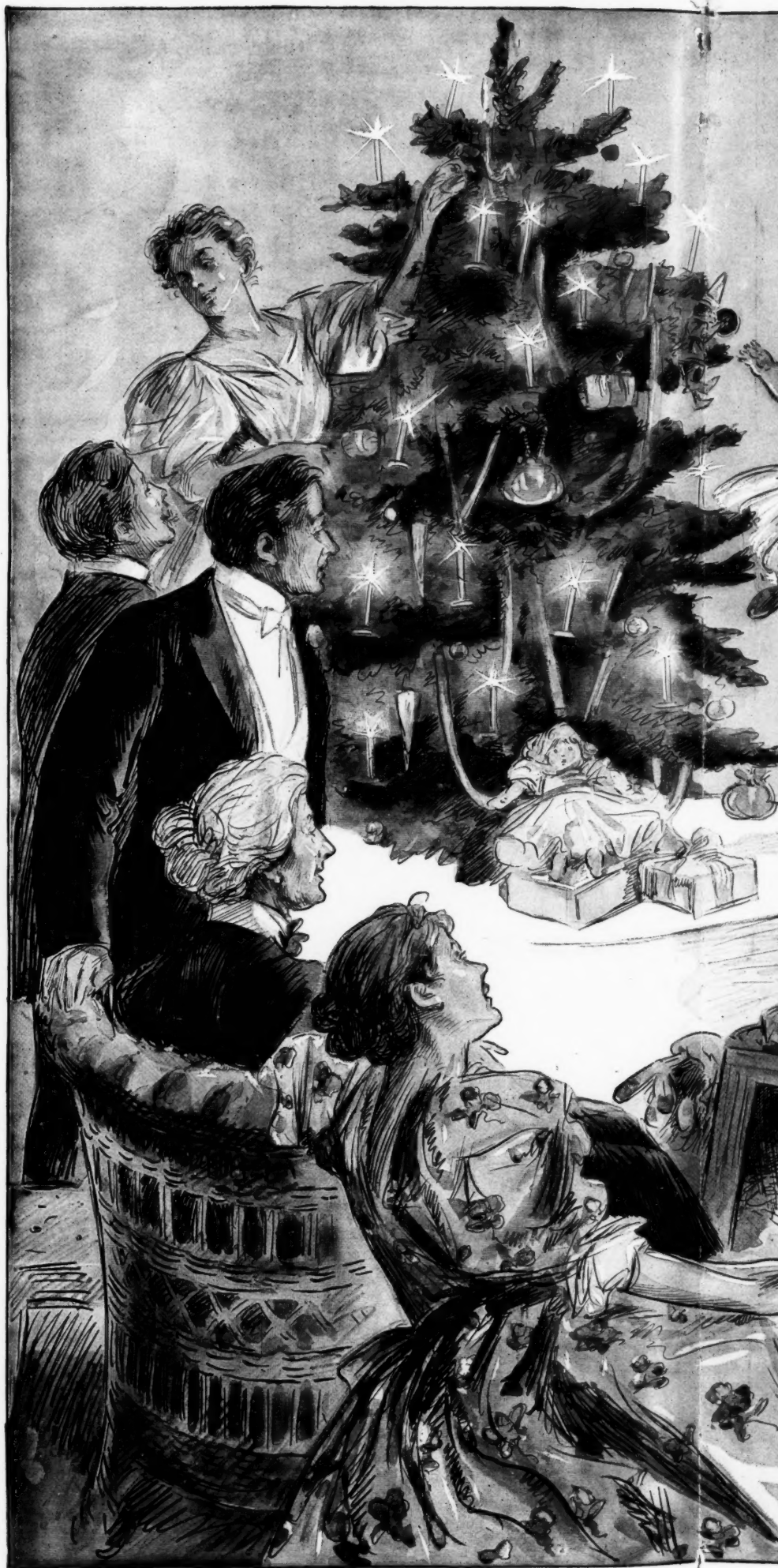
"Yes, sir."

"You don't show it. You ought to be walking extras in the area for giving new cadets an erroneous idea of the institution. You act as if this were Vassar College. If I were commandant, I would slap you in light prison. Were you really trying to devil these young men, or were you merely feigning? Withdraw from my presence, Mr. Lever. Squad, *about, face!*" The yearlings turned about, and faced the rocky heights. "Forward, double time, march!" They clambered away. "Good luck to you," Fassett said to the plebes, and resumed his walk.

"Sportive individuals," observed McVay.



AL. LONE.— Don't talk to me about the joys of married life! Just look at Tom Popleigh, over there. Give me the free life of a bachelor every time!



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BUT THE YEARS HAVE DONE ALL THIS

"HE LAUGHS BEST WHO





— DONE ALL THIS FOR POBLEIGH —

T WHO LAUGHS LAST."



— WHILE OLD LONE MUSES GLUMLY OVER  
WHAT HE HAS MISSED.

STRONG, HEALTHY NERVE.

HUBBARD.—Simpkins has got over his nervous prostration.

PEASE.—How can you tell?

HUBBARD.—Why, I met him on the street last night, and he wanted to borrow twenty dollars!

THE PROOF OF IT.

She loves me! Oh! the pure delight  
That makes my blood surge fast and hot!  
When I was urged to sing last night,  
She whispered, "Fred, you'd better not."

COULD BEAT THAT.

ROBINSON.—Your baby is a wide-  
awake little fellow.

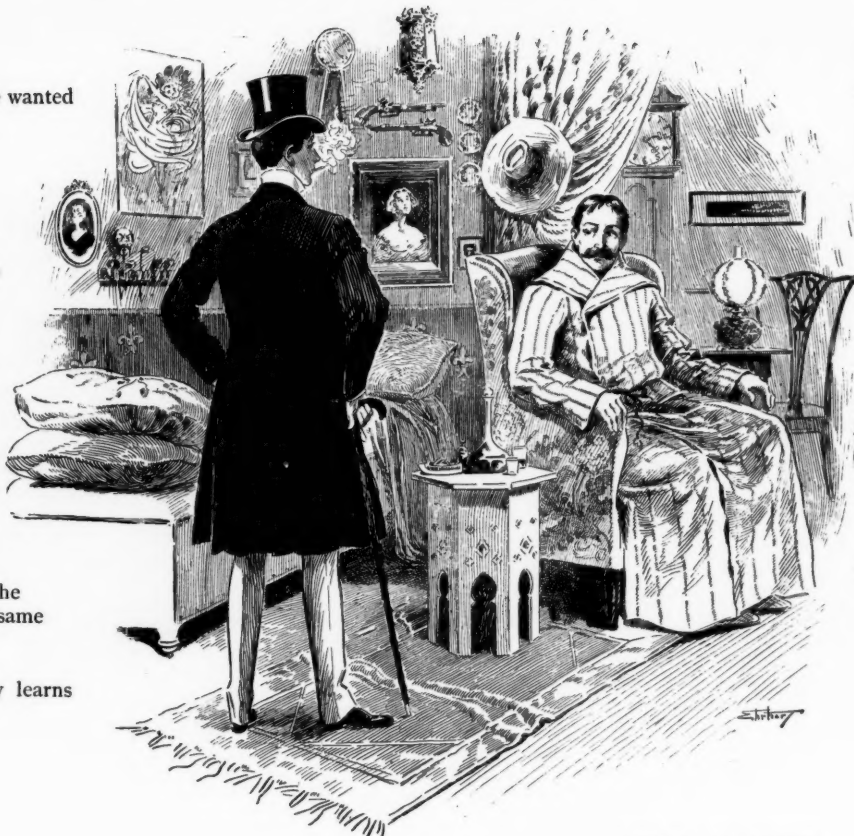
WALKER.—Shucks! That's nothing  
to what he is at night.

HIS THEORY.

FIRST FOOTPAD.—This is a dandy  
watch of mine. Did yer notice me mony-  
gram?

SECOND FOOTPAD.—Yes. Did you an' the  
feller that used to own the watch have the same  
initials?

THE MAN who does n't know when he's whipped frequently learns  
before he gets over it.



TOO LATE.

HAWKINS.—So you sent for a doctor? Does he think you will  
be out soon?

ROBBINS.—I imagine so. He said he wished I had sent for  
him sooner.

HIS AFFLICTION.

DOLLY SWIFT.—Let me see! That young Mr. Bubblehead has an  
impediment in his speech, has n't he?

SALLY GAY.—No; his impediment is in his thoughts.

IN THE ABSENCE OF THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

FIRST SALESMAN.—What shall I do? She says she don't want any  
cheap imitations.

SECOND SALESMAN.—Show her an expensive imitation.

A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

MRS. BEACON-STREET (of Boston).—I hear that New Yorkers refer  
to their quick-lunch restaurants as "beaneries."

MRS. OLD-SOUTH (of Boston).—How poetic!



A POINTER.

FARMER HARDACRE (Sabbath morning).—  
Look here, Parson! someone of your con-  
gregation got into my chicken-house last night  
and made away with two of my best hens. I  
wish you would give them a warning.

PARSON LIPNER.—I'll 'tend to dat t'ing  
dis berry mawnin', Bro'er Hardacre.

EXACTLY DESCRIBED.

HE.—What a lovely fresh complexion Lavinia  
Farnell has!

SHE.—Yes; fresh every morning.

AT THE MATINÉE.

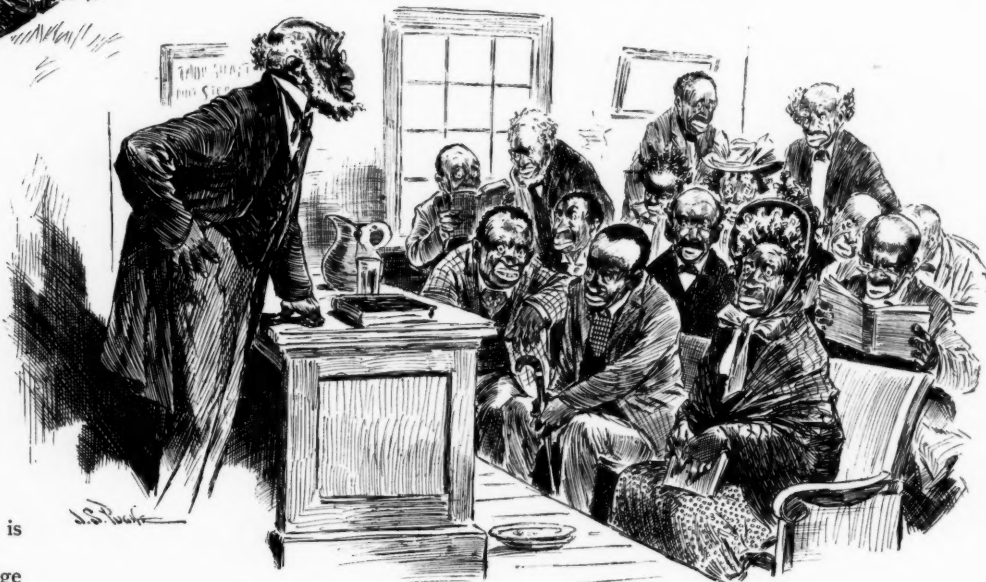
FRIEND.—Why are you looking so sad? There is  
nothing affecting in this play.

THE BRIDE.—Oh! I was just thinking of poor George  
working all day while I'm enjoying myself at the  
matinée.

THAT NEEDS AN EXPLANATION.

TRIVVET.—I believe in giving the devil his due.

DICER.—But why do you make him a preferred creditor?



II.

PARSON LIPNER.—Bred'ren an' sisters, dere hab been a complaint made 'gainst some  
membah ob mah congregation dat hab mortified me exceedin'ly. Farmah Hardacre hab dun said  
dat some un in dis here congregation stoled two ob his fowls last ebenin'. A word to de wise  
should be sufficient. I would also like to remark dat I will accept de invitation given me some  
weeks ago, and go home with Br'er Johnsing to dinnah to-day.



EXTRAS.



**M**Y FELLOW-LABORERS," said Panhandle Jim, otherwise known as the "Beautiful Bracer of the Bountiful," addressing his admiring friends in the Bummer's Roost; "The ruin of Americans is extras."

"You don't mean extra poipers, do you?" asked the one-legged newsman.

"Indeed I do!" said Jim, vehemently; "extra papers, and everything else that's extra. I suppose you fellows sometimes wonder how it happens that a man of my culture and refinement should be the star boarder in a fifteen-cent lodging house, and to-night I'm going to explain. It's all along of extras. When I started in life, an indulgent father gave me my board and keep; and, just like an everlasting darned fool, I hired out as an office-boy, so as to earn money to get extras with. By extras in such a case I mean excursion tickets, base-ball bats, toy balloons, fire-crackers, and such fool truck that a kid wants. As I progressed in life, I still continued to reach out for extras. I would go into a restaurant resolved to make a forty-cent dinner on roast beef and potatoes; but I would always make it cost me one dollar and fifty cents by ordering a preliminary cocktail, a contemporary beer, a couple of knock-out rounds of pastry, and then a chaser of Creme de Menthe or something of that sort. Instead of drinking plain beer or whiskey, as my fathers did before me, I always wanted extras with mine, a dash of absinthe and such similar things, until now I have no coat either to my back or my stomach. When I went to a barber shop I never was satisfied with having just a plain shave; I always had my moustache waxed, and a little extra brilliantine on it, besides hair tonic and vaseline on my hair and magnesia powder on my cheeks, so that I finally lost the heiress whom I was courtin', because she said she did n't want to marry a man that smelled like a chemical laboratory.

"And so it has been all through life. Extras have been the ruination of me, and even the jag which is making me so loquacious just now is due to the fact that a number of people with whom I scraped a forced acquaintance on the street bestowed upon me their extra pennies and nickels.

"Therefore, fellows, you that are younger, take my advice and beware of extras. They are all blossoms on the primrose path that leads downward to free lunches and five-cent whiskies. If it was n't for extras I might this day be an ornament to society, or, in other words a social extra."

As no one in the party had the price of a beer with which to reward the philosopher, his exordium itself proved to be simply an extra, and he relapsed into a moody silence.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

**THE TRAMP.**—I ought ter wash, did you say, Mum? Have yer any Imperial Anti-Alkali Soap?

**MRS. JONES.**—No; I have not?

**THE TRAMP.**—I'm sorry, Mum. I've been warned to avoid substitutes.

STRICTLY ACCURATE.

**HIS PARTNER.**—These goods don't sell at all. Have n't had two calls for them in a month.

**DRY GOODS MAN.**—Mention them specially in our next advertisement, and refer to the "unprecedented demand."



CURIOUS TO KNOW.

**MRS. ROBERTS.**—You seem to be in a deep study, John.

**MR. ROBERTS** (whose daughter is taking her music lesson in adjoining room).—I am, my dear. I was wondering if the inventor of the piano died a natural death.

NO DILATORY TACTICS.

**MR. DE FER.**—I have n't known you long, Miss Clara, but I—er—well, the fact is, it may be previous, but I am about to ask the all-important question. Let me explain—

**THE CONGRESSMAN'S DAUGHTER.**—Not in order. Nothing in order until the previous question is put and disposed of!

METHOD IN IT.

**HE.**—Mrs. Jenkins has what you might call a nervous system.

**SHE.**—Naturally?

**HE.**—No;—artificially. When she can't get what she wants in any other way, she develops symptoms of hysteria.

A BAD SIGN.

**MRS. NEWKID.**—My dear, I don't think it is quite safe to have that doctor treat the baby.

**NEWKID.**—Why not?

**MRS. NEWKID.**—Well, I've sent for him three different times, and each time he came so promptly that I'm afraid he has n't many patients.

MIDNIGHT.

**SHE.**—I wonder if any one is trying to break in that house across the way?

**HE.**—What put that idea in your head?

**SHE.**—The dog has stopped barking.

IN HARLEM.

"And he died at peace with the world?"

"Oh, yes! Before he passed away he forgave the janitor and the gas company."

**OLD AGE** is the discoverer of lost opportunities.



WHAT WORRIED HIM.

**PHOTOGRAPHER** (taking family group).—Now, then, Mr. Housefull, the expressions are all right but yours—try and look happy—remember that next week is Christmas.

**MR. HOUSEFULL** (despondently).—Confound it, man! that's just what I am thinking about!

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FOUND THEM INTERESTING.

MRS. SAVEUPESKI.—Is dere anyting wrong mit dem bank-books dot you are always lookin' ofer dem?

MR. SAVEUPESKI.—No; but I t'ink I 'm gettin' to be a bank-bookworm.

HIS DEPARTMENT.

BROWN.—Jack is with his father on the Stock Exchange. He is doing very well.

JONES.—Does he know anything about stocks?

BROWN.—Oh, no! He has nothing to do with stocks. He makes bets for the concern on foot-ball games, boxing matches, elections, yacht races or anything of that kind that comes along.

HER FIGURE.

"Yo' jes' oughter see Arabella Johnsing cut de figgah eight on de ice."

"Pooh! I know a gal what kin cut fo' 'lebben fohty-foah!"

A THEORY.

FIRST WHIST PLAYER.—I wonder why it is that men find poker so fascinating?

SECOND WHIST PLAYER.—Perhaps it is because there is no trump.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

GOHAMITE.—How is your flat heated?

HARLEMITE.—We have two gas jets.

A SAD FEATURE OF THE CASE.

ROBINSON.—Poor fellow! He has only himself to blame.

JENKINS.—That's hard, is n't it?

A CONDITIONAL AGREEMENT.

MAMA.—Now, you must not ask Grandma for cake.

JOHNNY.—I won't, if she hurries up and gives it to me.

HIS OBJECTION.

HIS UNCLE.—You don't care to play tag?

THE BOSTON BOY.—No;—the game is not sufficiently complex to interest a person of average intellect.

A LIAR.

POPPER.—Mabel, you 'd better discourage the attentions of that young shoe-dealer; he's thoroughly unprincipled.

MABEL.—Thoroughly unprincipled?

POPPER.—Yes; he sold me a pair of patent-leather shoes to-day and said they would n't crack.

PATIENCE WILL aid you in achieving success or in getting along without it.

FIRST TIME ON RECORD.

BLACKSTONE.—The doctor told Briefs he 'd have to go to Florida, and the poor fellow is nearly heartbroken.

LAW.—Why?

BLACKSTONE.—Just think how he'll disgrace the profession by doing anything simply for his health!

WELL SUPPLIED IN THAT RESPECT.

TOURIST.—Are there any distinguished citizens here?

RESIDENT.—Distinguished?

Stranger, we 've got the two champion checker-players of Beeswax County right here in this town!



ON THE ROAD.

VANWART (*in provincial theatre foyer*).—Horace Knight-stand shivers and moans very realistically in that artificial snow scene.

MANAGER (*philosophically*).—Well, you see, the property-man makes those paper snowflakes from our company's unpaid board and wash bills.

THERE ENDEAVORED a young man of No. Dak.

To picture a bear with his kodak.

The button he pressed,

But the bear did the rest,

And the young man stopped running in So. Dak.



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DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

HER MOTHER.—You intend to refuse Mr. Gotrox?

SHE.—Yes. There are others who can not live without me.

HER MOTHER.—Well, I think you should decide to save some one's life.





# THE SWARRY.

GONE TO be a swarry up at Benton's,  
Got the invitation in my clothes,  
Tho' what the howlin' blazes is a swarry  
Is more than any man among us knows.

Hoover says the term 's distinctly foren,  
(Hoover and a Frenchy once was parts!)  
An' swarry is the parley voo for "kutte;"  
So each of us 'll take a deck o' cards.

Dutchy says it 's nothin' but a raffle—  
Seen the thing a dozen times, or more—  
The best shot takes his choosin' in to supper,  
So each of us 'll wear his forty-four.

William says it 's jest a social function,  
'S'prisin' Colonel Benton in a bunch;  
That Mrs. Benton 's played it on the Colonel,  
An' each of us 'll have to take a lunch.

Peters sw'ars a swarry 's a ropin',  
Guests have got to snag the Colonel's hat;  
The prize is for the man that does it neatest,  
So each of us 'll tote a lariat.

Gone to be a swarry up at Benton's,  
Got the invitation in my clothes,  
Tho' what the howlin' blazes is a swarry  
Is more than any man among us knows!

William Wallace Cook.



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### TOO MANY FOR HIM.

"Them city fellers is all gosh-danged swindlers!" growled Farmer Burdock, peevishly. "Git the best of ye if you try to treat 'em decent, an' skin ye alive if they git half a chance."

"What hev they been a-doin' to ye, Josiah?" queried Farmer Grayneck, who had come over to borrow a whiffletree.

"W'y gol-squanch it! You know that patent fannin' mill I bought of an agent from the city on six months' time? Wal, I thought I was gittin' it mighty cheap, bein' as I calkerlated on usin' it up till within a few days of the time when the payment for it was due an' then tellin' the feller that his contraption was n't any account an' for him to take it off from my place before I smashed it an' licked him for tryin' to swindle me. But the chap that came to collect the money was a good deal bigger an' coarser than the feller that sold me the machine, an' kinder sawed his shoulders up an' down, like this, when

he walked. I did n't want to let him down too hard, bein' as I knowed I had the best of him, anyhow, an' so I invited him to stay for dinner. He staid an' et up nine-tenths of the preserves an' made a mash on my daughter. After dinner I told him to take his dratted old machine an' go, an' he told me not on my tin-type. I threatened to whip him out of his hide if he did n't; an' the first thing I knew he ketched me by the neck, thrashed down the ash-hopper with me, jammed my head into the fannin' mill, kicked me half-way through it, breakin' the machine an' nearly tearin' my head off; kicked me out again, an' flung my remains into the cave cellar. Then he collected the bill from my wife, advised her to get a divorce from me, persuaded my daughter to elope with him on my best horse, an' took my fifty-dollar dog along. And now, even my wife sides against me. Them city chaps is gol-darned swindlers—every blamed one of 'em!"

Tom P. Morgan.

### A FAIRY STORY.

ONCE UPON a time there was a Girl, and she was beautiful. So beautiful that some men thought it the height of the commonplace to remark upon it.

And there came a Prince who would marry her, for in the form of her white body were the curves of perfection so that the desire of desires was as a whirlwind of flame within him.

And there came a poor Poet who would marry her, for to him her eyes were like little windows of heaven with angels peeping through.

Now the Prince pleaded with her, saying: "I am a Prince. I have broad lands over yonder, and castles across the water. They shall be yours if you will but come. You shall be their princess, and mine."

And the Girl was thoughtful at his words.

But the other man made her listen, and he said: "I too have lands, but they are in Arcady. I have beautiful castles, but they are in the air. Come with me, for I love you; you shall be their queen and mine."

Then she looked at him strongly, and for so long that he was near tempted to seize her in his arms; but at the last her eyes became soft and tender, and then she would look no more, for—  
And this is the fairy story—

She gave her hand not to the Prince, but to the Poet, thus making his air castles so real that they lived in them happily forever after.

William Edgar Fisher.



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### COULD SEE ITS FINISH.

BRIDE.—Counting your change, George? It has been an expensive trip, has n't it?

GEORGE.—That's right. It looks as if this honeymoon would soon be on its last quarter.





HE WAS a perfect specimen of the genus Cupid, abounding in pinkness and curves, and with that fat effect peculiar to his kind, of having drawing-strings tied about his wrists and ankles. His silky curls were gold, his mouth like his own bow, and his smile a guiltless temptation. He could pose in impossible attitudes on feather-bed clouds, or dive through blue air on his little round head with perfect ease and abandon. In fact, he had every grace and charm, derived from his pagan prototypes who frolicked with Venus rising from the sea, and from those adoring innocents who fold their dimpled hands and bend their chubby knees before the Madonnas of the Old Masters.

But, in spite of these classic resemblances, he was very much alive to the present, and to his duties toward the two young people who were the objects of his ministrations. All the time that they were falling in love, and courting and mooning around, he did everything for them. He had brought about their meeting, in the first place; and all the responsibility of the consequences was naturally his. When they were apart, he carried messages and sighs and feelings back and forth most industriously, and never complained of overwork or heavy loads. When they were together, he hovered above them continuously, and superintended every drive and stroll and tête-a-tête, every confession and caress. When they quarreled, as will happen in such cases, he wept piteously and planted stinging compunctions in their hearts; and when the reconciliation took place, he beamed with delight well nigh to bursting.

All through that perfect Summer, he formed a picturesque adjunct to the spectacle of their happiness. He disported himself benignantly over the portal of their joyous future, and was a little caryatid to uphold the structure of their hopes.

He went with them through the complicated and tiresome preparations that hamper a wedding in these days, and stood by them through the trying ordeal of the ceremony. He accompanied them on their after-journey, and helped them to keep their tempers while they picked the rice from the interstices of their garments; and they were very foolish and happy and grateful to him; as, indeed, he had every right to expect.

But when they returned to their new home and to ordinary every-day life, and began, just by contrast, to suffer from an attack of common-sense, sad as it is to say, they did not know what to do with their Cupid! He was so preposterously pretty, and his costume nothing if not unconventional,—he certainly would look very bizarre to have about when people came. If he could only be taught to stand perfectly still on one foot and hold a lamp in the corner of the drawing-room, he might pass for one of the wedding presents, and be both useful and ornamental. But for an active, healthy Cupid, used to float and hover and dive in the bluest of open air, such an idea was an impossibility, and had to be reluctantly given up. They realized how much he had done for them, and were far from being unappreciative. Indeed, they could not well do without him, yet what could they do with him?

Much anxious thought and many remorseful carresses were spent on this perplexing subject, and at last they evolved a way out of their difficulty. When last I called at their house, the door was opened by the dearest wee Buttons ever seen, his yellow curls struggling against a vigorous brushing, his dancing eyes most unsubservient, his chubby curves filling the neatest of little blue uniforms,—and, behold! the problem solved,—Cupid a domestic necessity!

Katharine Perry.

HOW BRER RABBIT WON A SACK RACE.

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I.

MR. JOHNSING. — I'se got you dis time, Brer Rabbit. You ah just in time foh mah Christmas dinner! Get in dis sack!



II.

"Now you lay quiet dere, an' I 'll tote you home jus' as soon 's I light mah pipe."



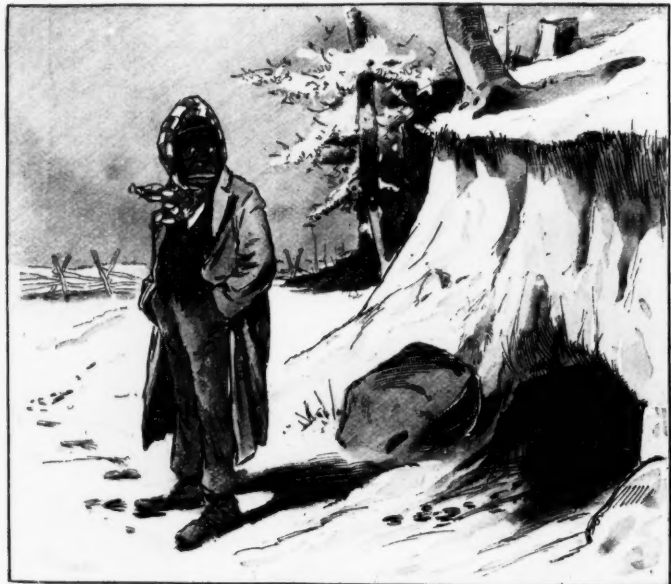
III.

BRER RABBIT. — I may not be a scorcher in these bloomers, but I 'll try to show this coon a sack race.



IV.

"——! ——!! ——!!"



V.

MR. JOHNSING. — Well, dat settles it! dere won't be no rabbit on mah bill-o'-fare, aftah all.



VI.

BRER RABBIT (to his family). — You folks may not recognize me; but if you will assist me in removing this overcoat I will explain.





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#### CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY.

**F**AR FROM the town we have run down  
To spend here, gay and jolly,  
A Christmas Day in the good old way,  
'Mid evergreens and holly.

To church we walk with sprightly talk,  
Half earnest, half in folly;  
For I'm with Nell, my Christmas belle,  
'Mid evergreens and holly.

We laugh and sing, the church bells ring:  
"Away with melancholy!"  
Their chiming tells of Nells, not knells,  
'Mid evergreens and holly!

#### IN THE DEPARTMENT STORE.

**PROPRIETOR.**—We think of opening a hospital on the sixth floor.

**FRIEND.**—A hospital?

**PROPRIETOR.**—Yes. Customers injured in bargain rushes will be treated free.

#### WITHIN HIS TIME.

**SALLY DEWITTE.**—It's a great wonder how the world ever got along before you came into it.

**BRYTON EARLY.**—Well, you'll observe that science and civilization have made greater strides in the last twenty-five years than ever before.

#### HARD PUSHED.

**DR. TENTHLY.**—We all admired your lecture very much, Elder Backwuds. Your honest, unartificial style was an agreeable change from the commonplace, automatic phraseology which so many of our city lecturers affect. But what on earth made you speak so rapidly?

**ELDER BACKWUDS** (*of Basswood Corners*).—I had to, in order to keep up with that shorthand reporter in front of me. St. Peter! How his fingers flew.

#### SIZE SATISFACTORY.

Oh! Lady of the almond eyes!  
No Western maid thy lot would prize;  
And yet—though strange may seem  
such views—  
She'd joyfully be in thy shoes.

#### A SOPHISTRY REFUTED.

**LITTLE EMERSON.**—It seems to me that these are extremely small pieces of cake.

**LITTLE BROWNING.**—Mama says it would be imprudent to eat more. We are obliged to be content.

**LITTLE EMERSON.**—I do not understand, Browning, how any one can be obliged to be content.

#### TO PLEASE THE SEX.

**MANAGER.**—I think I'll try an innovation in presenting this new drama.

**ASSISTANT.**—What is the idea?

**MANAGER.**—At the matinées, I thought we might have the last act played first, so that the ladies can see at once how the play ends.

#### A TRANSLATION.

"What is the meaning of '*raison d'être*'?"

"I think it is the French form for asking a man what excuse he has for living."



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#### KEEPING HIS WORD.

**AFRICAN EXPLORER** (*dumbfounded*).—What, *you*, Clarence Vere de Vere, in the heart of darkest Africa! What in the world are you doing here?

**CLARENCE VERE DE VERE.**—I'm wearing the necktie Miss Darling gave me for Christmas. I promised her I would, you know!



FILLED UP.

JIMMY.—Did you eat much dinner on Christmas?  
TOMMY.—Did I? Well, I just could n't eat another thing until tea time!

CAUSE FOR CHASTISEMENT.

"Stop! Stop, Johnny! What are you hitting little sister for?"  
"Cause she 's a mean old thing. I 've gone an' et my cake all up, an' she has n't tetched a bite o' hers."

SOCIAL FAUX PAS.

"Next time I 'm going out to Beverly's I 'm going to take a campstool with me."  
"What for?"  
"Last time I went I sat down on a little thing that turned out to be a tea-table."

WELL ACQUAINTED.

"Do you know Mrs. Whiskers?" asked one hair-dresser of another.  
"I do," was the reply; "I have often bearded the lady in her den at the dime museum."

BLUE RUIN—The City Editor's Pencil.

INDEPENDENT.

"The new typewriter seems to be a nice girl."  
"Yes; but I should judge from her spelling that she has bolted the dictionary."

NOT DEPRESSED.

APOLLO.—Does n't it make you tired to carry the earth around on your shoulders?  
ATLAS.—Not at all! I 'm just walking on air.

AN ALTERNATIVE THEORY.

MINNIE.—I don't think the Count cares for money.  
HELEN.—Don't you? Do you think he is marrying for the benefit of his creditors?

HOW IT HAPPENED.

MAMA.—I wonder who originated the idea of Santa Claus?  
PAPA.—A man who could n't supply the children's demand for toys and wanted to shift the responsibility.

THE TELEGRAPH annihilates distance and the messenger boy kills time.

HOW CUT-A-WAY-BO, THE CENTRAL AFRICAN BARBER, OBTAINED A PERFECTLY PAINTED BARBER POLE.



"By de Ghosts of de Forest! I got de pole up all right; got it painted white all right; got de red paint all right; but Ise hain't got no brush to paint de stripes around it!"

"By golly! Here comes my old friend, Willy Boa! May be he kin help me out."



"Say, Willy, I saved your hide from dem pocket-book makers de-odder day; now you can do me a favor. Just get in dat red paint."



"Now, what do I want ye to do! Why, just climb up dat white pole, dat 's all!"



"Dot 's de stuff, Willy! Go right up to de top."



"Now come back again, tail first, right over de same route."



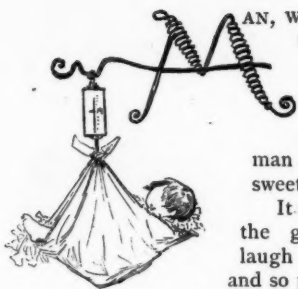
"You 're a bird, yo' are! That 's it! Come down easy!"



"Many thanks, Willy; many thanks! You 'll shed yo'r skin in another week, anyhow."



CHILDREN.



AN, WHEN he has come to man's estate, finds but a poor inheritance, burdened with the easements and rents of care; but when man is a child then it is the sweet of the year.

It is youth alone that has the gift of happiness to laugh and leap and sing, and so poets are figured to be forever young; they have learned our language, but our delight in their golden verse is their own delight in their golden youth. And, sometimes, with reading good verse, or in good company, or with some belated impulse of youth, we throw off our sober age and are young again.

But the children—these are they whose home and fast-abiding place is back in the land of childhood: back in the land of childhood where one day is followed by another, and time stands still; where hope is brighter with each morning sun, and, with each evening, is more alluring for the morrow. O happy land of Hope! Is it not true that children will often lie awake for a minute just for thinking on the wonders of to-morrow?

Once I dwelt forever in the land of childhood. I loved the world, and thought that the world and its laws loved me. I saw a succession of to-morrows bringing me with full hands all that I hoped for. I even wondered what they would bring me that I knew not yet how to hope for. Some of my hopes that were vast and unlike the paltry ambitions of age, I will tell:

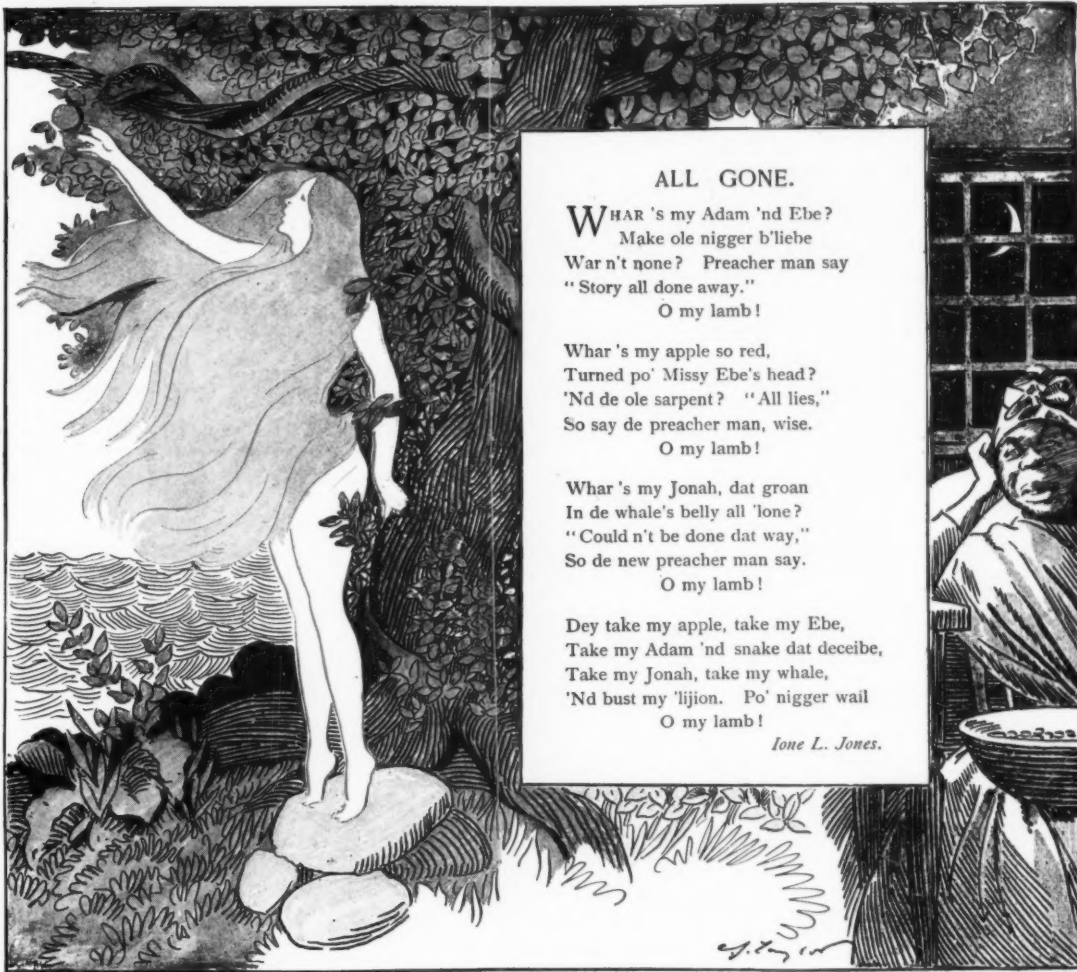
I had freckles on my face: I hoped and believed that I should outgrow them. And my hair was red: and I thought that, as I grew older, it would become darker. No fear had I that Nature, that had made the world for me, would condemn me to perpetual red hair. And my nose was a snub, and that, I was persuaded, would become straight and beautiful. How, with such confidence, could I be anything but happy? Why, when I heard that a Roman nose betokened the strongest character, I became assured that when I grew up my nose would be the noblest Roman of them all.

Everything that was already right was to remain so (becoming constantly more perfect), and everything that was not for the time being quite perfect, was to come right.

Being a big boy, I was to continue to grow, and become a huge man for whom people would have to look out somewhat. My eyebrows were light and thin, and these were to grow thick, though, of course, they would never become like the ridiculous brushes of certain old men I had seen: they were to be just right. They were to depart from their straightness, and become "arched." I knew this when I read that arched brows are the best.

In scholarship, too—I left off at the head so frequently in spelling; I knew different ways of writing so many of the capital letters; I could put up my hand so often in school when it was a question of some peerless feat of the intelligence that I was certain I needed only to grow up to be a scholar. Newton, with his apple, and Watts, with his tea-kettle, seemed easy to me.

But I have not told all my hopes that were vast. I hoped for a boat and a river with green banks, and for a pony with a saddle, for a drum and a sword. I hoped to become a fine ball-player (and I tell you I was learning it pretty fast all right enough, even if the boys did n't take me very early on the choose-up); and I hoped for a time when I would not be restricted to "noons" and "recesses," but when I would



ALL GONE.

WHAR 's my Adam 'nd Ebe?  
Make ole nigger b'liebe  
War n't none? Preacher man say  
"Story all done away."  
O my lamb!

Whar 's my apple so red,  
Turned po' Missy Ebe's head?  
'Nd de ole serpent? "All lies,"  
So say de preacher man, wise.  
O my lamb!

Whar 's my Jonah, dat groan  
In de whale's belly all 'lone?  
"Could n't be done dat way,"  
So de new preacher man say.  
O my lamb!

Dey take my apple, take my Ebe,  
Take my Adam 'nd snake dat deceibe,  
Take my Jonah, take my whale,  
'Nd bust my 'lijon. Po' nigger wail  
O my lamb!

Ione L. Jones.

have the whole day; yes, and the whole week to play ball and skate and yell and enjoy myself.

But Time that lures us on with its mirage, brings us to a desert place. Our noses are still snub, our figures commonplace, our brows straight, our scholarship slight. We used to ask, "What color is our hair going to be?" shutting our eyes, and expecting some pleasing answer; but the true answer was: "Your hair is going to be gray."

But youth was a merry, happy time. People are young in youth, and that is the reason of it. To be sure, it is said that man may be happy in his labor and at his work, but how much happier is the child who can be happy at his play!

Williston Fish.



QUITE RIGHT.

TEACHER (class in grammar).—Now, Miss Kelly, how do you decline, "to love?"  
MISS KELLY.—Why, I tell de kids ter go chase demselves!

EVIDENCE OF CONTINUED HOSTILITY.

SHE.—I heard about the elopement.  
Has her mother forgiven them?  
HE.—I think not. I understand she has gone to live with them.

A MISLEADING TERM.

JINKS.—I met Brobson as I entered;—financially embarrassed, is n't he?  
FILKINS.—No; the embarrassment was all on my part. He wanted to borrow a thousand, and I was at my wits' end thinking up a good excuse.

IT is a good deal more trouble to be great than some of those who are not suspect.

THE ONLY thing that's easier to see than what we ought to have done is what other people ought to do.

WHEN WORDS fail us we generally swear.

# RONDEAU OF THE RINK

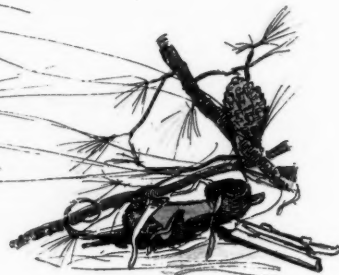


IN SKATING time, my dauntless maid  
In fluffy, fetching furs arrayed,  
On glassy ice goes forth to see  
How great an adept she will be,  
Where others failed and are afraid.

And I, who uncomplainingly  
Have borne her pretty tyranny,  
Find sweet revenge, tho' long delayed,  
In skating time.

For now, uncertain and dismayed,  
She scarce can stand without my aid, —  
And those small hands that flouted me  
Now cling to mine imploringly, —  
In skating time.

Katharine Perry.



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## THE SAGENESS OF SECRECY.



ENOCH," impressively began the Kohack Philosopher, addressing his long-suffering nephew, "there is one great truth that I want to firmly fix in your mind, and now is just as good a time for it as any, I guess. It is this, that the only way to keep a secret is not to get anybody to help you.

"The popular conception of a secret is that it is something that you tell; but that is not true. If you tell it once, even to your most intimate friend, under the most solemn and awful vows of eternal silence, it ceases to be a secret any longer. You might just as well load it into a blunderbuss and shoot it broadcast into the passing multitude — they'll all get onto it just as quick.

"Tell it to one, and that's one; he tells it to one more, and that's two; that one tells it to one other, and that's III — one hundred and eleven. See? Before you impart the secret to your friend, remember that your friend has a friend, and your friend's friend has a friend, and your friend's friend's friend's friend also has a friend; and so on and so forth, something like the old story of the talented liar who traveled so rapidly on the cars that the wind would have blown all the hair off from his head if there had n't been an other man holding it on for him. There was another man holding the second man's hair on, and a fourth man holding the third man's hair on, and so on back to the cheap boy who was holding the seventeenth man's hair on; and, last of all, the bald-headed man who was holding the cheap boy's hair on.

"The only difference is that the spreading of a secret does not stop when a bald-headed man is reached. A hairless

man can scatter a secret with as much efficacy as an Indian doctor. The spreading abroad of the secret goes on and on, like the way in which the water used to come down at Lodore, in the old Third Reader, and I s'pose is still coming down. The only way to keep a secret successfully is to retain it right in your own shell. That's all this time. Enoch; you can run along now if you want to."

Tom P. Morgan.

## SHE DECLINES.

BOARDER.—How would you define a crank, Mrs. Hashton?

LANDLADY.—I don't care to indulge in personalities, Mr. Jones.

## A CONJECTURE.

SHE.—I wonder why Shakspeare said the child was the father of the man?

HE.—I supposed he had noticed that the baby generally runs the house.

## IN KENTUCKY.

VISITOR.—But how was I to know he was a major?

RESIDENT.—Heavens! man, could n't you see he was over twenty-one?

## A FINANCIER

SHE.—Her fiancé is worth a million, and her mother really arranged the whole thing.

HE.—Yes; I understood that the old lady was the promoter.

FRIEND.—How did you come to fail so on that speech? Stage fright?

WOULD-BE ORATOR.—No; it was all due to my love of the water.

FRIEND.—How so?

ORATOR.—Why, when I stepped on the stage I could see nothing but a sea of faces, and then my head swam — and there I was!



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## UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

PAT.—Sure, Norah, yer as red as a beet.

NORAH.—Thot's the grane above the red agin', Pat.



# VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

OT FROM airy heights descending  
When the lengthening shadows fall;  
Not with mournful accents blending  
With the owl's lonely call;  
But within my lowly dwelling  
When I quench the glimmering light,  
Clearly through the silence welling  
Rise the Voices of the Night.

Ah! I still my heart's quick beating,  
And some prayer I mutter o'er,  
Vainly for response entreating,  
Vainly; for they come once more:  
"Henry, some one 's in here, surely.  
There 's a smell of smoke, I think;  
Did you bolt that door securely?" —  
PAPA! PAPA! WANT A DRINK!!

V. V.

## TO HER INTEREST.

MISS DEMURE.— Why should I let you kiss me?

JACK DASHING.— Because I won't kiss you if you don't.

## HIS CHOICE.

SHE.— Did Papa bring you to the Stock Exchange?

HIS LORDSHIP.— Yes. It 's very nice, to be sure, but I think I prefer Monte Carlo.

## HE DREW THE LINE.

MRS. HENNYPECK (*looking up from her reading*).— This writer says that widows make the best wives.

MR. HENNYPECK.— But, really, my dear, you can hardly expect me to die just in order to make a good wife of you.

## PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

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CHOLLY HARDUPP.— Heavens! What shall I do? Here I have gone and promised to marry Miss Oldburd, an' hanged if her father has n't to-day lost his entire fortune in Wall Street. How can I ever get out of it? Ha! I have a scheme!



CHOLLY HARDUPP.— Here is ten dollars for you if you will do as I tell you. To-night I shall bring a young lady here, and I want you to tell her that she is going to marry, within a year, a foreign nobleman of great personal beauty, wealth, and social distinction, and be happy forever after— (*to himself*)— Ha! ha! when she hears that she will give me the cold, cold shake at once.

## POLICE! POLICE!!

"I tell you," observed the fiend, "there 's a great deal of variety in the daily life of a policeman."

"Yes; that 's so," assented the new boarder.

"For instance," resumed the fiend, "one moment he may be tramping a beat, and the next beating a tramp."

And in the consternation which followed, the star boarder actually took some of the butter without noticing what he was doing.

## AROUSSED.

THE PARTY OUTSIDE.— Henry, don't you hear the church bells?

THE PARTY IN BED.— Oh, yes! I suppose I 'll have to get up and finish my nap in church.

## HIS SUSPICIOUS ACTION.

"Now, Mr. Beefy," coldly said the handsome young widow, who was doing her own marketing; "while I am fully conscious of the honor you wish to confer upon me, I must tell you that I have no present intention of marrying again, and am therefore compelled to refuse the hand you offer."

"Bub-bub-but, Mum— Mrs. Hooks," stammered the astonished butcher; "I— have never offered you my hand, and— ah! —"

"Then, why are you trying to weigh it on the scales with the roast, sir?"



CHOLLY HARDUPP.— My dear, what do you say if we go around and visit this new Hindoo Fortune Teller? They say her power is simply marvelous— that everything she says comes true— and, to tell you the truth, I believe in her myself.

MISS OLDBURD.— Oh! do you really, Cholly? CHOLLY HARDUPP (*serenely*).— I do— you may call it superstition, but I am positive that woman can read the future correctly.

MISS OLDBURD.— Oh, Cholly! how happy you make me! For I went around to see her this afternoon, all by myself, and she told me— oh!— she told me I was going to marry a poor but honest young man— which must mean you— of exemplary habits— which means you again— and that we should be very, very happy for life, although always in moderate circumstances— and, O Cholly!— is n't that just as true as true can be?



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NO REASON TO RETURN IT.

MABEL.—So you have broken the engagement. Have you returned his ring?

AMY.—Why, no! Of course, I have changed my opinion of George; but I admire the ring just as much as ever.

AN ACROBAT.

How Cholly can keep a position would seem  
A problem unanswered as yet,  
For the fellow is head over heels in love,  
And he's up to his ears in debt.

A SIMILAR EFFECT.

INQUISITIVE TOURIST (*in Oklahoma*).—Pardon me, sir, but are you a married man?

BALDY SCRODD (*the stage-driver*).—Nope; I had my hair scoured off in a sand-storm.

IRONY OF FATE.

BINGS.—Here's a paradox. Boreleigh, who always tells such long-winded stories, has just been arrested—

BUNGS.—Where's the paradox?

BINGS.—For being short in his accounts.

MORE INFORMATION.

"What is a dental parlor?"

"Well, it is a room that is furnished so elegantly that it makes people ashamed to yell when they get their teeth pulled."

SHE.—Mr. DeBrush is an impressionist, isn't he?

HE.—Yes;—he's got an impression he can paint.



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CALLED DOWN.

I.

IRATE HUSBAND.—I tell you, Madam, this thing has got to be stopped! Stopped, I say! A pretty housekeeper you are! Bah! Look at that steak! Done to a crisp! Look at that coffee! Mud! Look at those potatoes! Lumps of lead! Look at—

AFTER THE MIDNIGHT CALL.

THE DOCTOR.—No; I can't cure Mrs. Smith's baby.

HIS WIFE (*shocked*).—Goodness! What is the trouble?

THE DOCTOR.—There's nothing the matter with it.

NOT A HERO.

TOMMY.—How did you get that scar?

THE NEW SCHOOL-BOY.—Fell down stairs once—

TOMMY (*disgusted*).—Oh! I thought may be you got it in a fight.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

"What is that old saying about proclaiming the truth from the house-tops?"

"Don't know, exactly; but it would be a poor method in these days of sky-scrapers."



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HIS COMPLAINT.

SOILED SPOONER.—A-w-w-w-w! I'm gittin' tired o' doin' nuthin'!

SELDUM FEDD.—What is dere about it to tire you?

SOILED SPOONER.—Aw! it takes so long to do it.

A BUSINESS MATTER.

IKENSTEIN.—Vot makes your daughter undt her fiancé in such a hurry to get married?

SWINDLEBAUM.—Dey realize dot de kevicker dey vas married de sooner deir goldten wedding comes roundt.

EASY TO SEE.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.—How do we know that our days are numbered?

JOHNNY SQUANCH.—By looking at the calendar, Ma'am.

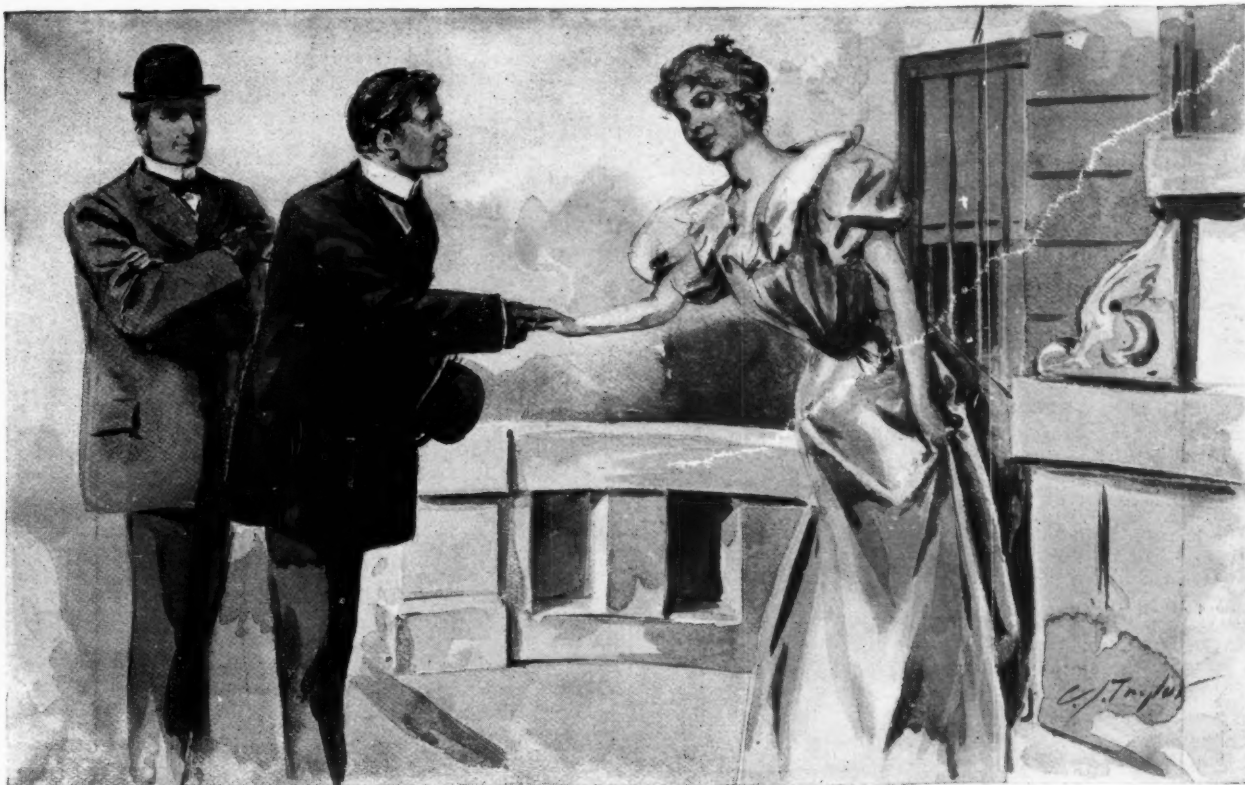


II.

THE COOK (*entering*).—If yez hov onyt'ing t' say about th' cookin', say it to me face.

HUSBAND (*meekly*).—Why—er—er—Bridget—er—I was n't saying anything—er—er—I was just rehearsing a little thing I intend writing for one of the comic papers.





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# HUGGING HIS CHAINS.



IX MONTHS ago Stanley Waring disappeared. Until then he was the heart of every gathering, the head of the reception committee, the captain of the expedition, the floor-manager, the master of ceremonies, briefly "the head push." He would sit up all night with anybody on the slightest pretext, and if there was n't any pretext Stanley was the boy to invent one. He was swift on his feet and a neat hand in a sparring match, and champion in so many amateur events that his room was fairly lined with mugs. Oh! the boys were heartbroken when they lost him. "There will never be another like him," said Frank Deering, sadly, that evening to a group in the den; and they all agreed.

For some time they had known it was impending. For six months before that, while this thing was going on, Stanley had been unavailable Sunday and Wednesday nights. If there was anything where he was positively indispensable it had to be arranged for some other evening. They realized that it could not be helped, but they were not reconciled. "For a man with his science to go throw himself away like that!" said Russell, reproachfully; and then he told for the fortieth time how Stanley called down the Coney Island waiter who got too gay.

But this was a special occasion. The entertainment was to be something out of the ordinary. If Stanley had been with them he should have been chief organizer, general manager and probably referee. They were wondering how they should get along without him when Russell proposed that they should drag him out just for this once. "The poor old chap has n't had a lark since God knows when, and this will just be the salvation of him," he said.

Russell himself declined the honor of fetching Stanley back and the lot fell upon Deering. Stanley met him at the door, slipping on his coat and hat as he came down to the curb to talk about things in a larger way than a parlor will hold. He was looking fine as silk, his eyes as bright and his skin as clear as when he kept himself in the pink of condition all the time. Deering was relieved to see that at least he had n't gone off in his looks.

Deering told him the programme, something to eat and something to drink, and all the old gang, and a rattling go between McCoy and Red Mike, who had been feeding on raw beef for two weeks and were swearing they would kill each other. "And you've got to suspend the rules just this once, old man, and help us out. Russell will make a blooming mess of it without you; says so himself."

"H'm," said Stanley; but his eyes sparkled and he was evidently keen for it.

At that moment a bit of a fair-haired woman appeared in the doorway. "Oh, Stanley!" she cooed; and then, as both men looked up, "Good evening, Mr. Deering!"—as quick as that, and she had never seen him but once and that was the night of the wedding—"Won't you come in?"

The boys made no mistake when they made Deering their ambassador. There was n't a readier man on Manhattan Island.

"I am afraid I shall have to take your husband with me to-night, Mrs. Waring," he said as solemn as you please. "Somebody has got to watch with McCoy, and the Executive Committee of the Brotherhood has appointed your husband."

She had come down the steps by this time and offered him her hand. Any ordinary woman would have been beguiled completely by Deering's sympathetic melancholy. He is an artist, that Frank Deering. A woman who was the least bit too clever would have let him know that she saw right through the game, and would have sent Deering home like a small boy and Stanley into the house like another, unless he played hookey.

But this little bit of blue and sunshine looked into Deering's eyes, innocently, trustfully, looked a thousand miles further into them than he supposed anybody could. "I am sorry," she said, as sincerely as Deering himself, "but can't you spare Stanley to-night?"

And before either of them could tell her what a strict order the Brotherhood was or how inviolable its demands, she went on: "Mr. Waring did so much of that before we were married, it must be some one's else turn now—besides I know some of the boys would take his place—he was forever doing that for the others, were n't you, Stanley?"

She had them there, the trusting child. Stanley had been unable to account for the sickness in the order before their marriage except by doing watch duty for some of the others. She saw her advantage as Deering was feeling round for a new grip on the situation, and clinched it right there.

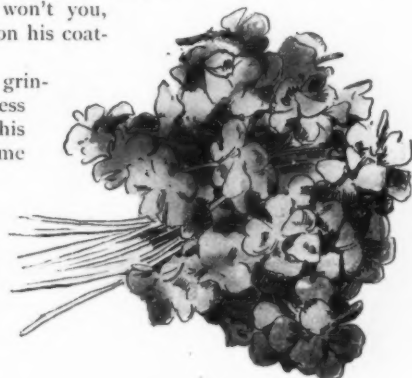
"Please, give these to your friend," she said, unpinning a wonderful bunch of violets from her frock; "and say we both hope he will be better right away—and if he needs anybody to-morrow night, Mr. Waring will come; won't you, Stanley?" She had her hand on his coat-sleeve now.

It was no use. Stanley was grinning like all outdoors. "I guess the boys will have to let me off this time, old fellow," he said. "Come in and sit down a bit."

"Do!" urged Mrs. Waring.

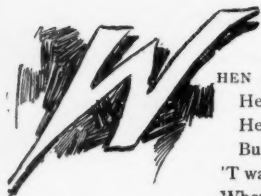
But Deering was too crest-fallen. He bade them good-evening. And when Mrs. Waring gave him her soft little hand again for a minute—there was something so deliciously womanly in her warm, nestling grasp—and looked into his eyes again with cordial invitation to come soon, he did n't half-blame Stanley.

He went back and told the boys dolefully: "We've lost him! He's clean gone! And, the devil of it is, he likes it!"



# PUCK.

## THE CUCKOO CLOCK.



HEN EZRY, that 's my sister's son, come home from furrin parts,  
He fetched the folks a lot of things to brighten up their hearts;  
He fetched 'em silks and gloves and clothes, and knick-knacks, too, a stock,  
But all he fetched fer us was jest a fancy cuckoo clock.  
'T was all fixed up with paint and gilt, and had a little door  
Where sat the cutest little bird, and when 't was three or four  
Or five or six or any time, thet bird would jest come out  
And, 'cordin' to what time it was, he 'd flap his wings and shout:  
"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!"

Well, fust along we had it, why, I thought 't was simply prime!  
And used to poke the hands around to make it "cuckoo" time,  
And allers when we 'd comp'ny come, they had to see the thing  
And, course they almost had a fit when "birdie" come to sing.  
But, by and by, b' gosh! I found it somehow lost its joys,  
I found it kinder made me sick to hear that senseless noise.  
I wished 't was jest a common clock, that struck a gong, you know,  
And did n't have no foolish bird to flap his wings and go—  
"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!"

Well, things git on from bad to wuss, until I 'm free to grant,  
I 'd smash it into kindlin', but a present, so, I can't!  
And, though a member of the church, and deacon, I declare,  
That thing jest sets me up on end and makes me want to swear.  
I try to be religious and to tread the narrer way,  
But seems as if that critter knew when I knelt down to pray,  
And all my thoughts of Heaven go a-tumblin' down to—well,  
A different kind of climate—when that bird sets out to yell—  
"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!"

I read once in a poetry book, that Ezry had ter hum,  
The awful fuss a feller made about a crow, that come  
And pestered him about to death and made him sick and sore,  
By settin' on his mantel-piece and hollerin' "Nevermore!"  
But, say, I 'd druther have the crow, with all his fuss and row,  
His bellerin' had *some* sense, b' gosh! 't was *English*, anyhow;  
And all the crows in Christendom that talked a Christian talk  
Would seem like nightingales, compared to that air furrin squawk—  
"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!"

Joe. Lincoln.

### AN EXPLANATION.

THE TWO-HEADED GIRL (*angrily*).—I understand you 've been making remarks about me.  
THE CIRCASSIAN PRINCESS (*sweetly*).—I said you were two-faced.

### MERELY SEEKING INFORMATION.

JAY GREEN (*at the church door*).—May I see you home?  
DAISY MEDDERS (*haughtily*).—No, sir!  
JAY GREEN (*airily*).—Aw, well,—jest thought I 'd ask.

### A MASCULINE PLAIN.

Alas! that all the cooking schools  
The one thing needful overlook!  
They teach you recipes and rules,  
But never how to boss the cook.

### AS HE UNDERSTOOD IT.

FIRST WESTERNER.—What do they mean by "due process of law?"  
SECOND WESTERNER.—Oh! it means that when a man steals a hoss you ought to keep on givin' him new trials till he 's acquitted.

### HIS EXCUSE.

HIS FATHER (*angrily*).—How is it I catch you readin' dem dime novels?  
IKEY.—Fader, I bought dem two for five.

### IN DOUBT.

BOBBIE.—There was a new boy at school to-day.  
BINGO.—Why should that make you so late coming home?  
BOBBIE.—I did n't know at one time but I would have to be carried home.



"AU REVOIR!"





### JUST FUN

TO SHAVE WITH

#### Williams' Shaving Soaps.

The great creamy lather — the softening action upon the beard — the delightfully soothed — refreshed feelings — make a man look forward to his "morning shave" as he does to his "morning tub," or his "morning cup of coffee."

**WILLIAMS' SOAPS** — in forms best adapted to different tastes and uses, sold everywhere.



#### Luxury Shaving Tablet 25 cents.

Round — just fits the cup.  
Delightfully perfumed.



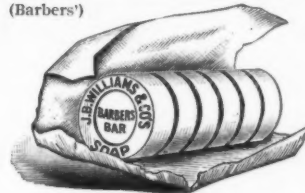
#### "Genuine Yankee" Soap 10 cents.

Oldest and most famous  
cake of shaving soap  
in the world.

#### Williams' Shaving Stick 25 cents.



#### Williams' Shaving Soap, (Barbers')



This is the kind your barber should use.  
Exquisite also for Toilet and Bath. Used  
in thousands of the best families.  
Sure cure for "chapped hands."  
6 cakes in a package — 40 cents.  
Trial sample for 2-cent stamp.

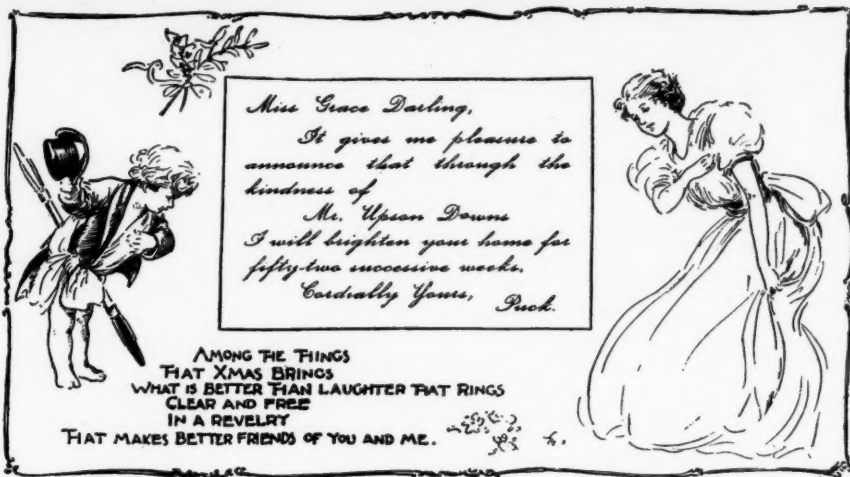
NOTE. — If your dealer does not supply you with these  
Soaps — we mail them — to any address — postpaid — on  
receipt of price. All four kinds sent for \$1.00 in stamps.

Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS' CO., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.**

**LONDON: 64 Great Russell St., W. C.**

**SYDNEY, Australia: 161 Clarence St.**

ARE YOU  
LOOKING  
FOR A GOOD,  
ACCEPTABLE AND  
INTERESTING  
Christmas Present ○



HERE IT IS:

## A Year's Subscription to Puck ...and Puck's Christmas Card

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as

### ...A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT...

but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card designed by C. J. TAYLOR, of which the above reduced sketch gives the design in outline.

This card, (size, 7x4 1/4 inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;

To send by mail to distant dear ones;

To put in the stocking, or to lay under the X-mas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable X-mas present.

Address: PUCK, NEW YORK.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

FOR 1898

Will Continue to Present to its Readers the Most Interesting and Important Events and Achievements of Civilization.

Wherever interest is centered there HARPER'S WEEKLY correspondents and artists will be found, as, for instance, at

### THE KLONDYKE

from which place, each week, most interesting letters from our special correspondents have been received.

### THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MIDDLE WEST.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS will make a tour of investigation in the smaller as well as larger cities, and the results of his inquiries into the Agricultural, Industrial, Political, and Social conditions will be recorded in letters which will appear periodically in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

There will also be a

### LONDON LETTER

treating of Art and Literature, as well as the Social and Political problems of the Old World.

In the interest of the WEEKLY, CASPAR WHITNEY, author of the book on English athletics entitled "A Sporting Pilgrimage," is now on what may be called

### A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE AROUND THE WORLD

On his way to Vancouver he made studies of Sport in the West. From Vancouver he sailed for Japan; thence to China and Siam, making his principal hunt from Bangkok, because the interior of Siam contains a great variety of big game. Mr. WHITNEY will visit India, and then proceed to Europe to prepare a series of articles on the Sports of Germany, France, and England.

There will be two serials in the year 1898. The first will be "The Red Axe," by S. R. CROCKETT. The second serial will be "The Associated Hermits," by FRANK R. STOCKTON.

Among the special contributors to HARPER'S WEEKLY are CARL SCHURZ, W. D. HOWELLS, HENRY JAMES, E. S. MARTIN, and others.

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Sole Agents for the United States.

**CHEW**  
**Beeman's**  
The  
Original  
**Pepsin**  
**Gum**

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.  
All Others Are Imitations.

**"GET INSIDE"**  
of the  
**Feeder**  
**CYCLOMETER**  
and you will realize  
why it stands the heavy  
blows of the striker  
on the wheel that  
break up other in-  
struments. It is the  
parts you cannot see that make it the  
**ONLY DURABLE, ACCURATE DISTANCE**  
**RECORDER FOR BICYCLES.**  
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**For Over Half a Century**  
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over  
FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their  
CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS.  
IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS  
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DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world.  
Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and  
take no other kind. 25c. a bottle.

Pass on the good word. Abbott's Original Angos-  
tura Bitters befriended you. You can make  
friends by giving good advice.

**CANDY** Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50  
for a superb box of candy  
by express, prepaid east of  
Denver or west of New York.  
Suitable for presents. Sample  
orders solicited. Address,  
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
212 State St., Chicago.

**PIEL BROS.** East New York  
Brewery, BROOKLYN.  
ESTABLISHED 1888.  
**Real German Lager Beer**  
MADE OF  
Finest Hops and Barley-Malt Exclusively  
AND FREE FROM ALL CHEMICALS,  
Consequently  
PURE, WHOLESOME, DELICIOUS,  
The Best Beverage for Healthy and Sick.  
Light Beer, \$1.25; Dark Beer, \$1.50;  
24 Bottles, Delivered in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey  
City and Hoboken. Also in Kegs.

**HIS DEFENCE.**

HE.—Did you hear  
that Uncle Squashly  
was found trying to  
mail a letter in a fire-  
alarm box?

SHE.—What has he  
to say about it?

HE.—He indig-  
nantly denies that he  
was sober.

**INCONVENIENT.**

"What is the mat-  
ter, old man? You  
look discouraged."

"I am. I expected  
some money, and I  
spent it before I  
got it."

"Yes?"

"Well, I did n't  
get it!"



**RHEINSTROM BROS.**  
CINCINNATI, O.  
**Popular Cocktails**

**WHISKEY  
MANHATTAN  
MARTINI  
VERMOUTH  
BRANDY  
GIN  
TOM GIN  
CHAMPAGNE**

Perfection in Combination,  
Quality, Purity and Brill-  
lancy.

For sale by all Leading  
Jobbers and Retailers.

**HIS IDEA.**

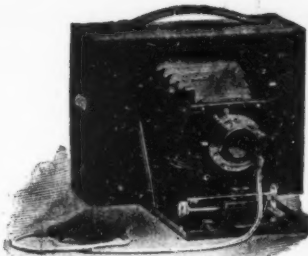
"Johnny, what are  
'figures of speech?'"  
"Please, Ma'am,  
words like too, for,  
and ate."

No Christmas and  
New Year's table  
should be without a  
bottle of Dr. J. G. B.  
Siebert & Sons' Angos-  
tura Bitters, the world-  
renowned appetizer of  
exquisite flavor. Be-  
ware of counterfeits.

**ZEPHYRS.**

SHE.—What an air  
the Count has!

HE.—Yes; and  
what an heiress he's  
after!



**KODAKS**

The annual family gathering at the Thanksgiving  
table, the children's Christmas tree, groups of friends  
gathered to pass a winter's evening—all make delight-  
ful indoor subjects for winter Kodaking, while the  
fields and trees in snowy garb make quite as beauti-  
ful subjects for outdoor work as do the green groves  
and meadows of summer.

Put a Kodak on your Christmas List.  
\$5.00 to \$25.00.

The new Kodaks all take our Light-Proof Film  
Cartridges and can be

**LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.**

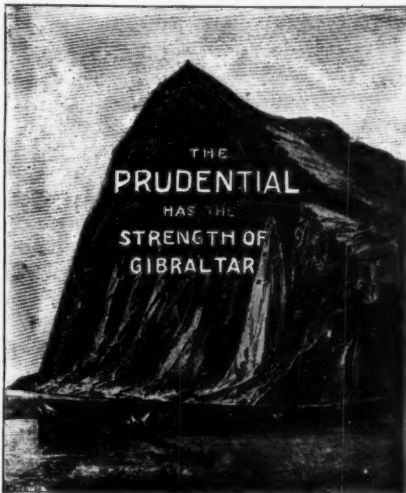
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No Camera is a KODAK  
unless manufactured by  
the Eastman Kodak Co.

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

IN HEAVEN every woman is in the choir  
and sings all the time; that keeps her from  
whispering.

**YPSILANTI**  
**UNDERWEAR**  
HEALTH  
for all ages.  
The perfect  
one-piece un-  
derwear for  
progressive  
people.  
Sold in all cities  
and large towns.  
Hay & Todd Mfg. Co.,  
YPSILANTI, Mich.  
"Never rip and never  
tear.  
Ypsilanti underwear"



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Largest Increase in Income of Any Life  
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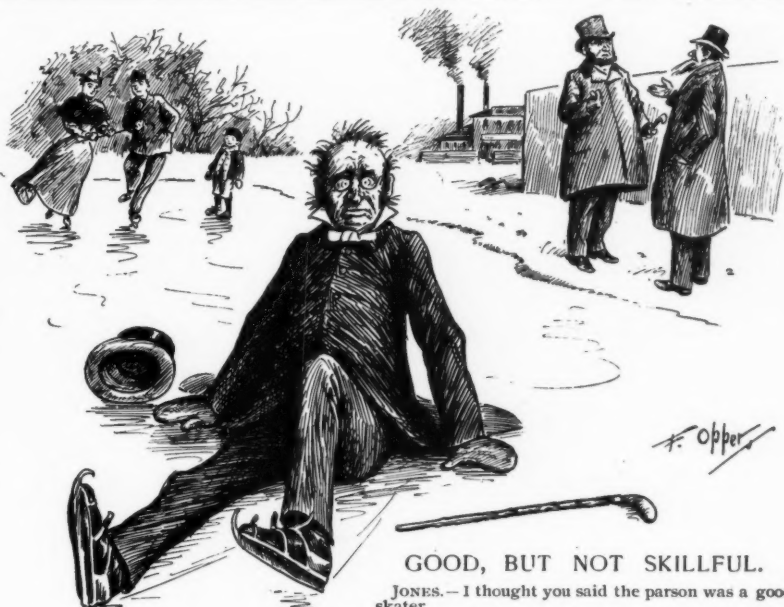
Assets	Income	Surplus	Policies in force, nearly	Insurance in force	Claims Paid, over
\$19,541,827	\$14,158,445	\$4,034,116	2,500,000	\$320,000,000	\$28,000,000

Send for information.

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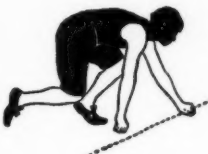
GOOD, BUT NOT SKILLFUL.

JONES.—I thought you said the parson was a good  
skater.  
SMITH.—He is. Why, he never swears, no matter  
how hard he falls!

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Equally nourishing and refreshing—



**Vigoral**

The nutritive part of prime lean beef, delicately spiced and  
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Prepared in a minute, with cold or hot water.  
At druggists and grocers.

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**Cure**  
**Alcohol,** Produce each a disease  
**Opium,** having definite pathol-  
**Tobacco** ogy. The disease yields  
**Using** easily to the Double  
Chloride of Gold Treatment  
as administered at  
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**CIGARS**  
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**MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE**  
HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.



Before your Christmas Dinner

## THE CLUB ~ COCKTAILS



MANHATTAN,  
WHISKEY,  
TOM GIN,  
MARTINI,  
HOLLAND GIN,  
VERMOUTH and  
YORK.

Years of experience have verified the theory that a Cocktail made of the best materials and aged is infinitely better than those prepared as wanted. As a Cocktail is substantially

a blend of different liquors, and as the oldest distillers are a unit in admitting that all blends

improve with age, it must be accepted as a fact, ratified by the general experience of the trade, that an aged mixed drink of any kind is superior to one made as wanted. Cocktails as served over bars are made entirely by guess, while the Club Cocktails are aged all ready for use, and require only to be poured over cracked ice and strained off to be in perfect condition. They are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, and admitting that the same quality of materials are used in both cases, the wholesale form of making must be the only way of getting Cocktails of uniform quality.

In the past, the male sex were the only ones privileged to partake of that daintiest of American drinks, the "Cocktail." With the innovation of Club Cocktails it has been made possible for the gentler sex to satisfy its curiosity in regard to the concoction about which so much has been written and said, and which has heretofore not been obtainable by them.

### AVOID IMITATIONS.

Sold by dealers generally and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

With your Christmas Dinner

## HEUBLEIN'S CLUB PUNCH

as delicious to drink as it's easy to make.

The one dinner in all the year when your punch must be a success. Make success certain by using

### HEUBLEIN'S CLUB PUNCH.

Fill bowl with ice, pour contents of bottle over same — it's ready for use. For a delicious Claret Cup, add one pint of good Claret to one quart of Club Punch. Fruits in season may be added.

For an afternoon tea, evening party, yacht or picnic, it makes entertaining easy. For sale by dealers. Prepared and guaranteed by

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn., New York, London



WHEN IT WAS discovered that a woman could be silenced by money, naturally money got the reputation of being quite a talker.



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We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST  
SUBLIME LUCCA OIL at retail in the open  
market, and have submitted samples so obtained to  
careful chemical analysis.  
We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL un-  
adulterated by admixture with any other oil or  
other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all  
other undesirable qualities, and it is of SUPERIOR  
QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

*A. R. Ledoux* pres't.

Est. 1836.

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PIANOS **SOHMER** PIANOS  
Are the favorite of the Artist and the refined musical public

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CAUTION—The buying public will please not confound the genuine S-O-H-M-E-R Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade. THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.



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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equip-  
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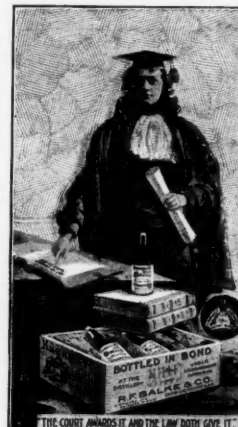
Now Ready: Puck's Quarterly, No. 7. 25 cts.

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IS BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER DIRECT  
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GOVERNMENT. GUARANTEEING THE AGE  
AND ABSOLUTE PURITY OF EACH AND  
EVERY BOTTLE OF THIS PRODUCT AS CER-  
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ATION IMPOSSIBLE. IT IS OBTAINABLE  
WHERE THE BEST WHISKIES ARE SOLD.  
IF NOT AT YOUR DEALER'S, NOTIFY US  
AND WE WILL TELL YOU WHERE TO GET IT.

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"T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS."



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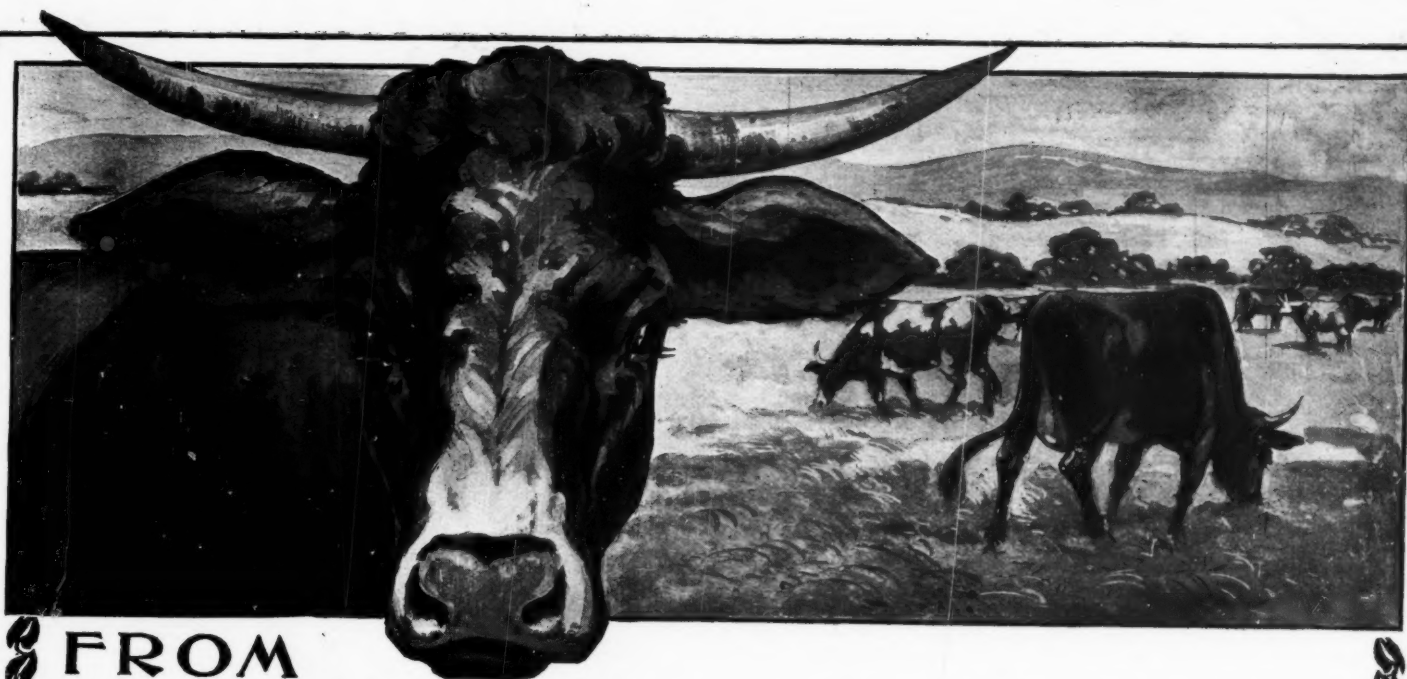
PECULIAR DISPLAY OF CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS IN THE WHEELER FAMILY.

THE MOST ACCEPTABLE  
OF ALL  
CHRISTMAS  
GIFTS



"THE MISTLETOE HANGS IN THE HALL,  
THE HOLLY-BRANCH SHINES ON THE OLD OAK WALL,  
AND 'NEATH TO ENTICE THE MAIDEN DEMURE,  
IS THAT PERFUME OF ALL MOST RICH AND PURE—  
**MURRAY & LANMAN'S  
FLORIDA WATER.**"





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From the beef "on the hoof" to the Extract in the jars, the Liebig COMPANY control the manufacture of their Extract of Beef. Hence its purity and fine flavor. Get the genuine with blue signature and avoid disappointment. It goes a long way.

## LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.







*Good morning  
Santy!  
Have you used  
Pears' Soap?*

**Xmas, 1897. — an unexpected reception.**